

The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

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Literary Notes

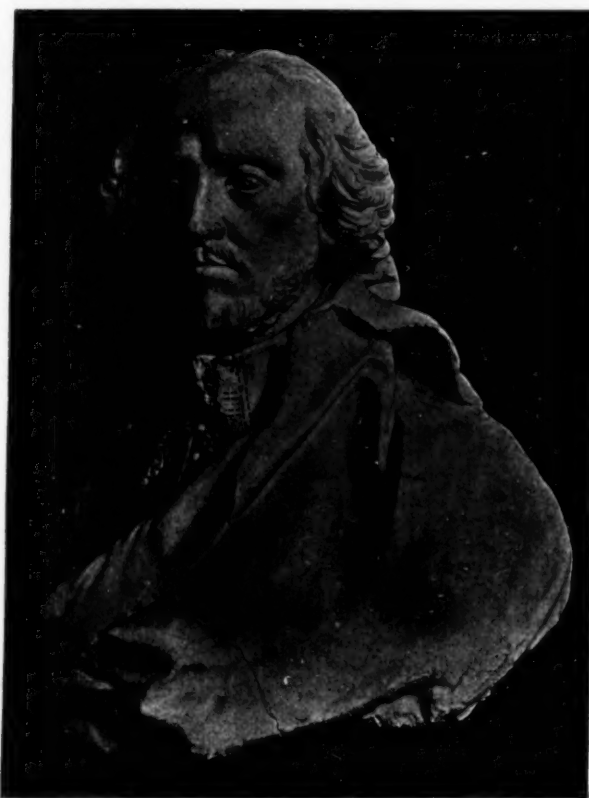
TO-DAY (Saturday) is Shakespeare Day, yet in how few English-speaking centres will the fact be worthily remembered. London has its Commemoration, of which I have given details from time to time, but surely such a day might be made a national or imperial literary festival. Of all the links that bind nations together, the possession of a common tongue is, perhaps, the strongest, and—as need not be said, save to point my argument—of all the glories of our English literature Shakespeare's works are the greatest. Is it too much to hope that in years to come Shakespeare Day will be more generally commemorated?

THERE are many forms which such a commemoration can take, performances of the plays, dinners—how fond as a nation and as individuals we are of celebrating any occasion with a dinner!—concerts and so forth. Yet on this Shakespeare day there is not any play of his acted at a London theatre! We might take lessons from Germany or France as how best to bear in public memory the names of our great writers. The nearest approach to a theatrical performance is the excerpts from various plays at the Court Theatre. Could not Mr. Tree with his travelling company have arranged a matinée and an evening performance? Or Miss Ellen Terry, or Sir Henry Irving, or Mr. George Alexander?

THEN the British Museum sets a brilliant example of how not to do things. I went up there to see the special exhibition of Shakespeareana; inquiries from four or five commissionaires, two or three policemen and an awesome official, behind a desk and impenetrable "don't-careness," produced no information and seemed to raise a spirit of wrath at any member of the mere public daring to ask for information. At last I found one honest man, who did know and pointed out to me four meagre cases. There I looked upon the Folios, the Quartos, Dugdale's "Antiquities," The Blackfriars Mortgage Deed, Manningham's "Diary," and so forth. Is *that* all the British Museum can do for us? Where are the countless other books, maps, prints, plans, portraits, programmes and so forth, which should go to make up a decent exhibition of Shakespeareana at the British Museum?

Is it wonderful that the public are lethargic when the authorities insist on hiding their light—an they have any—under a bushel? Is it not a national disgrace that in the city where Shakespeare lived and worked there is no public memorial of him of any sort and no

collection—which can be got at—of Shakespeareana? When the Museum and its wide-awake authorities are mouldering in the dust Shakespeare will be remembered and revered, as he is remembered and revered to-day in other lands. Truly a poet is not without honour save in his own country; truly there is something rotten in the state of England, and the man is yet unknown who will put it right.



SHAKESPEARE

From a plaster cast of the terra-cotta bust now in the possession of the Garrick Club

[From "*A Life of William Shakespeare*," by Sidney Lee. Smith, Elder

THE Bishop of London has proposed to re-open the question of uniting the benefice of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, with two adjoining parishes. The church is associated with two of the greatest benefactors

of English Literature, the editors of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, John Heminge and Henry Condell. But for these men, it is probable that Shakespeare's manuscripts would have remained in the tiring-rooms of the Globe and Blackfriars playhouses at the mercy of the accident of fire and loss from various causes. Had the precious papers survived till 1642 it is likely they would have been destroyed by the Puritan zealots. For their services to the nation and to the English-speaking peoples all over the world Heminge and Condell deserve lasting remembrance and undying gratitude.

In the pretty and quiet churchyard a memorial was set up in their honour by Mr. C. C. Walker in 1896. Surely it would be a dishonour to their memory and an insult to the public-spirited donor of the Memorial if this proposal to merge the benefice in other parishes (which of course means the demolition of the church) were to take effect. I rejoice to see that the churchwardens and the inhabitants are making energetic protest. The church was built by Wren on the site of the church of which Condell was a "sidesman." It is in excellent preservation. The electric light has only recently been installed. The registers containing the entries of the burial of Heminge and Condell, and various other entries relating to their families, still exist.

THESE and the church and the beautiful memorial form one of the treasures which reward the pilgrim from the Colonies and from America. The disturbance of such associations, in its ultimate effects, means a weakening of the bonds of the British Empire. The name of Shakespeare and all that concerns him are a girdle put about the earth—a symbol of spiritual union and empire which can offend none. In Germany, in Denmark, in America, the services of Heminge and Condell are held in high honour. In London they are celebrated in 1896 and flouted in 1904! We decline to believe that the Bishop is personally responsible for a proposal so likely to bring this country still further into contempt for its lukewarmness and ingratitude where Shakespeare is concerned.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES, known all the world over as the author of "Self-Help," died at Kensington on Saturday last. It was as a writer of books rather than as a man of letters that he gained fame, but he made at any rate one interesting contribution to literary history in "A Publisher and His Friends," which narrated the early history of the house of Murray. The "Life of Stephenson" is also a useful work. Dr. Smiles was born in 1812, and it is understood that he has left an autobiographical record of his long, busy and useful life.

THE "Edinburgh" is very solid, the most interesting and informative article being the concluding paper on "The Boer in War and Peace"; mention may also be made of "The Letters of Horace Walpole" and "The Women of the Renaissance." Mr. Henry James contributes an article on D'Annunzio to the "Quarterly," which is also a solid issue; other noteworthy papers are those on "Recent Aesthetics," by Vernon Lee, and "The Novels of Thomas Hardy," by Edward Wright.

In the "Forum" the late Grant Allen gives a vivid account of his first impression of Herbert Spencer:

"At last I found the house; but Spencer was away. I left a card, and wrote a little later, requesting the favour of an interview. I got a gracious reply; would I come

and lunch with him? I accepted, of course, all agog at the privilege. On the day appointed I called at the house in Queen's Gardens. A tall thin man, very springy of step and bland of countenance, rose from his easy-chair to greet me. It was the famous easy-chair, built on anatomical principles to fit his figure. At first sight, his appearance was distinctly disappointing. There are great men who look their greatness the moment you see them—for example, George Meredith. Spencer did not. You would say, at a cursory glance, the confidential clerk of an old house in the city. Afterward, when I got to know him better, I saw there was far more in the face than that; indeed, though always disappointing, it mirrored in some respects the idiosyncrasy behind it. It was serene and placid. It took life calmly. The forehead was magnificent, showing massive thinking power; but the lower half of the face, which most of all expresses emotion, was poor and ill-developed. If you held up your hand so as to screen the lower part and to see only the noble and expansive brow, you would say, 'What a glorious head!' If you held it so as to screen the forehead and see only the chin and mouth, you would say, 'What a feebly endowed emotional nature!' But one great charm Spencer always possessed, especially in those earlier days—a clear and silvery voice. . . . The enunciation, in particular, had a beautiful distinctness, every syllable being uttered, and its due value being given to each. This cultivated peculiarity remained with him to the end, though later in life, when the pessimism of old age took hold of him and soured him, the silvery tone was sometimes lost in a certain suspicion of querulousness."

THERE are several good articles in "The Independent Review"; Mr. John Pollock writes understandingly of Lord Acton at Cambridge, concerning whose small "output" of actual writing we read:

"It was not true that he could not write. On the contrary, he was a master of language, rich, eloquent, and pointed. In dramatic power of constructing sentences, he was not surpassed by many. He knew how to choose the exact word which would most stimulate the mind. His thought was compressed into words with a closeness that can be likened only to that of Dante. It was not that he could not, but that he would not write. Nor was it true of him that 'his power was out of proportion to his work.' Beneath a world of learning, under the weight of which another might have been honoured for sinking, Lord Acton's tread was elastic."

All of which considerations make us regret the more that he did not write much. I also quote an interesting anecdote:

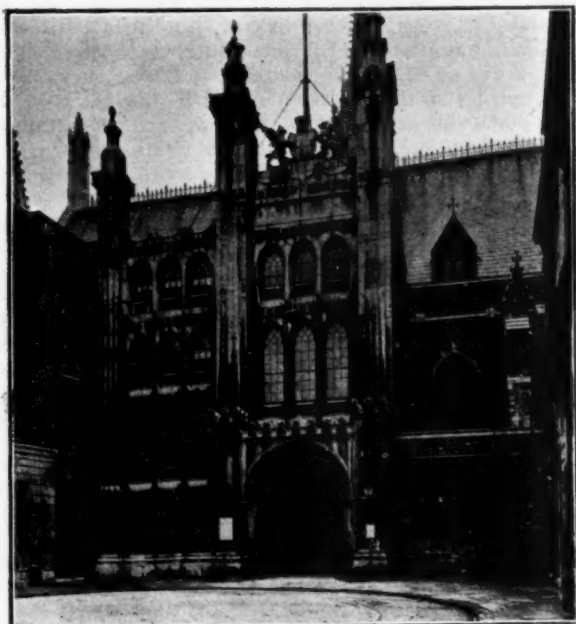
"At a dinner given by the Historical Society which he founded in Trinity College, he told the following story: 'I was once with two eminent men, the late Bishop of Oxford and the present Bishop of London' [Stubbs and Creighton]. 'On another occasion I was with two far more eminent men, the two most learned men in the world—I need hardly tell you their names—they were Mommsen and Harnack. On each occasion the question arose: who was the greatest historian the world had ever produced. On each occasion the name first mentioned, and on each occasion the name finally agreed upon, was that of Macaulay.' Burke and Macaulay Lord Acton held to be the two greatest of English writers, and Burke at his best to be our wisest political thinker."

And Burke was an Irishman!

ANOTHER interesting contribution to the same magazine is Mr. Laurence Binyon's "The Art of Blake," a painter whom he rates extremely high, as for example:

"But, among the paintings, besides a good deal that has little worth, there is enough and to spare for whole-

hearted admiration. Not only splendid in daring of conception, the best of them are wrought with wonderful harmony and justness of execution. His use of water colours, limpid radiant washes enforced with a reed-pen outline, produced examples that remain among the happiest works in that medium, preserving, with true



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON : THE GUILDHALL

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

insight into the genius of his materials, the lightness and unlaboured character of a drawing. 'The River of Life' is, surely, one of the loveliest water-colours that have been made in England."

VERY curious, but not altogether effective, is the coloured frontispiece—"The Easter Hymn"—in "The Century"; modern costume scarcely lends itself to stained-glass effects. Of the other illustrations, several are very fine examples of American magazine work, particularly "Passing a Rival Post by Night" and "An Old Time Plains Fight," drawn by Frederic Remington, "The Villa D'Este," in colours, by Maxfield Parrish, and "The Easter Bonnet," by Anna Whelan Betts, in colour, which is very graceful and sweet. Of the literary contents "Sincerity and Love," by Maurice Maeterlinck, is a frank plea for sincerity: "Love contains no complete and lasting happiness save in the transparent atmosphere of perfect sincerity," and "It is impossible to be sincere with others before learning to be sincere towards one's self"; and then there is a noteworthy article on "Landmarks of Poe in Richmond," which should be read by every student of Poe.

THE third and concluding instalment of the Bancroft Letters appears in this month's "Scribner's." Here is a pleasant peep into London literary society in 1847:

"On the 19th, Saturday, we breakfasted with Lady Byron and my friend, Miss Murray, at Mr. Rogers's. He and Lady Byron had not met for many, many years, and their renewal of old friendship was very interesting to witness. Mr. Rogers told me that he first introduced her to Lord Byron. After breakfast he had been repeating some lines of poetry which he thought fine, when he suddenly exclaimed: 'But there is a bit of American

prose, which I think has more poetry in it than almost any modern verse.' He then repeated, I should think, more than a page from Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' describing the falling overboard of one of the crew, and the effect it produced, not only at the moment but for some time afterward. I wondered at his memory, which enabled him to recite so beautifully a long prose passage, so much more difficult than verse. Several of those present with whom the book was a favourite, were so glad to hear from me that it was as true as interesting, for they had regarded it as partly a work of imagination. Lady Byron had told Mr. Rogers when she came in that Lady Lovelace, her daughter (Ada) wished also to pay him a visit, and would come after breakfast to join us for half an hour. She also had not seen Rogers, I believe, ever. Lady Lovelace joined us soon after breakfast, and as we were speaking of the enchantment of Stafford House on Wednesday evening, Mr. Rogers proposed to go over it and see its fine pictures by daylight. He immediately went himself by a short back passage through the park to ask permission and returned with all the eagerness and gallantry of a young man to say that he had obtained it. We had thus an opportunity of seeing in the most leisurely way, and in the most delightful society the fine pictures and noble apartments of Stafford House again."

THE publishing business of Messrs. Isbister & Company has been taken over by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, who will continue it in Tavistock Street; needless to add, perhaps, that "Good Words" and "The Sunday Magazine" will continue and I hope flourish.

MR. RICHARD PRYCE, part author of "Saturday to Monday," now being played at the St. James' Theatre, is, of course, the well-known novelist, his latest work of



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON : THE GATEWAY, LINCOLN'S INN

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

fiction being "The Successor." Mr. Pryce comes from the Welsh Borderland; the scenes of some of his stories are laid in Montgomeryshire and contain clever pictures of Welsh rustic life.

THE opening chapters of Mr. Frankfort Moore's new tale, "The White Causeway," will appear in the May number of the "Lady's Realm."

MRS. STEPNEY RAWSON'S new novel, "The Apprentice," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is a romance which has for its setting the town of Rye, in Sussex, and the adjacent portion of the Romney Marshes. The action of the story takes place some ninety years ago, in the year of the coronation of George IV., and touches, therefore, a period with which Mrs. Rawson is well acquainted.

AMONG the most interesting volumes promised by Mr. John Murray are "A History of South America," by C. E. Akers, "The Moon," by William H. Pickering, "Fort Amity," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, and "Sabrina Warham," by Laurence Housman.

THE Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature contains a striking paper on "The Letters of Charles Lamb," by Mr. Samuel Davey.

Bibliographical

MR. GRANT RICHARDS is to be congratulated on the idea embodied in his series of "Boys' Classics." Such a series is most desirable.

But who is to say what are, or are not, "Boys' Classics"? Mr. Richards begins with a story by James Grant and one by Marryat. So far, so good. With Grant and Marryat one is always safe; and with Fenimore Cooper, and, I should suppose, with G. P. R. James, though I am not sure that the latter would appeal to the boys of to-day. That is the difficulty. It is of no use to reprint "classics" which living boys won't look at. And, in regard to some of the most obvious of "boys' classics," difficulties of copyright must needs come in. I remember that in my own boyhood Gustave Aimard was almost as great a favourite with youngsters as Dumas. Are any of his books (translated, of course) in print? I see that as late as 1885 Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell issued his "Red-River Half-Breed," but I know of no re-issues since then, though in 1896-97 Messrs. Blackie included his "Trappeurs d'Arkansas" in their "Modern French Texts." Other favourites of my youth were J. G. Edgar and W. H. G. Kingston, and then came R. M. Ballantyne with his long years of popularity.

In connection with the death of Dr. Smiles, it may be recorded that in 1897 ten of his works achieved the distinction of a "popular" edition, being issued at the uniform price of three-and-sixpence. They were: "Character," "Duty," "Self-Help," "Thrift," "Thomas Edward," "Josiah Wedgwood," "Jasmin," "Industrial Biography: Ironworkers and Toolmakers," "Life and Labour: Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, Genius," and "Men of Invention and Discovery." These, we may presume, are all in print. A new edition of "The Huguenots in France" came out in 1893. Dr. Smiles' last publication was his "A Publisher [John Murray] and his Friends" (1891).

That Milton's Poems should appear in Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics" is but right and proper. Only, one is a little surprised that there should be so large a demand for works which, we are so often assured, are not really read. It was but the other day

that an ably-edited text of Milton, with all the variations noted, in one volume, was put upon the market. In 1902 Messrs. Newnes included the Poems in their "Caxton" series, having in the previous year issued them on thin paper. To 1900 belong Mr. Frowde's editions, one reproduced from the original texts, the other with the spelling modernised, and both supervised by Mr. Beeching. Yet another edition, published in Boston, U.S.A., was circulated in this country in 1899. In 1897 there was an edition in the "Apollo Poets," and a fresh impression of that in the "Albion" classics. Of Dr. Masson's well-known edition there were re-issues in three volumes in 1890 and 1893. Of the separate poems there have, of course, been very many editions during the ten years we have been surveying.

Mr. Mallock's latest novel, "The Veil of the Temple," is shortly to appear in volume form. When is the writer going to give us another "New Republic," or even another "New Paul and Virginia"? His career as a novelist began in 1881 with "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" (two volumes), and since then we have had from him "The Old Order Changes" (three volumes, 1886), "A Human Document" (three volumes, 1892), "The Heart of Life" (three volumes, 1895), and "The Individualist" (1899). There was a cheap edition of "The New Republic" so recently as 1900.

To his reprints of Hazlitt's works in "The World's Classics" Mr. Grant Richards has just added "The Spirit of the Age." I think many would be grateful to him if he would reprint the other and less familiar "Spirit of the Age"—that by R. H. Horne, Robert Bell, and Mrs. Browning. This came out in 1844, and is therefore at the disposal of any enterprising publisher.

THE BOOKWORM.

THE VINEYARD

6/- By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS 6/-
(Mrs. CRAIGIE).

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"One of the few books of fiction that one may consider seriously at the present day."—*Morning Post*.

"An extraordinarily clever picture of life as it is."—*Sphere*.

"Prodigiously clever, admirably written, and often extremely amusing."—*Spectator*.

"Its place is unmistakably upon the high levels of fiction, and its garniture of brilliant writing will be found a sure charm."—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

"So entertaining, so full of charm and feeling that one turns the last page with regret, and closes the book with a wish for more."—*The Academy*.

"So graceful, so elaborate, so entirely unlike the average of fiction, that merely to read it is a pleasure and relief to any person of taste."—*Westminster Gazette*.

T. FISHER UNWIN,
PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

Reviews

"The Sun Forgotten"

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Herbert Spencer. (Williams & Norgate. 2 Vols. 28s.)

Moods there are in which the infinite demands made by astronomy upon space and time cause us to regard our earth as an utterly unimportant atom in the sum of things, and ourselves as little more than meaningless *ephemera*, accidentally glittered upon by the unconsidering stars. But this is an unphilosophic conclusion. Even to-day, many centuries after Copernicus, we may repeat the axiom of that splendid old Greek who taught that "Man is the measure of all things." Standing, as he believed, on an immovable earth, the central and essential feature of the cosmos, this was easier for him to say than for us, unless we reflect, to accept to-day. Yet he was absolutely right. In our own times a great genius who was familiar with the indebtedness of humanity to the Sun—the proximate source of its life—has told us of the typical hero that he is "a man to make the Sun forgotten." And indeed it is so; when human worth asserts itself at its height who will not agree with Emerson that it can more than suffice "to make the Sun forgotten"?

It is from such a study that we rise in this instance. These two volumes with their eleven hundred pages are not fully to be comprehended in a week of days, any more than they are adequately to be discussed in a thousand words—or years; but it is nevertheless possible to set down certain of their characters in an imperfect and partial way. It is not too much to say that we close this book, the most interesting and certainly one of the most important we have ever opened, feeling better, wiser and humbler for having even thus hastily read it. The preceding sentences will read like irresponsible rhetoric to those who imagine that the nature of Herbert Spencer's Autobiography was in any way indicated by certain quotations which recently appeared in "The Times," and which gave occasion, in several quarters, for a typical excretion of the lamentable impertinences with which several writers have unconsciously exemplified the fact that there is a class of "literary people" whose sole claim to the title appears to be their lack of acquaintance with, or comprehension of, serious literature.

It is needless to say that there is no gossip in these pages. Deliberate judgments on people with whom Spencer was acquainted are numerous and very interesting. Without exception they are extremely moderate and philosophic in tone. There is, indeed, no abuse of any kind and no error of taste in all these extraordinarily frank and detailed pages. To only one of these judgments need we refer. Not only friends of George Eliot, but all to whom the destiny of woman is a matter of grave interest, will feel a keen gratification in Spencer's opinion of her. As he was never in love with her; as she was, more or less, a follower of Comte, from whom Spencer ever differed; as his general opinion of the intellect of woman placed it lower than man's; and as he formally repudiated the suggestion that she owed any of her ideas, or powers, or knowledge to him, we may take as absolutely trustworthy his remarkable opinion of her gifts. He considered, in a word, that she could have written on philosophy with permanent results, and con-

sidered her moral nature as highly endowed as her intellectual. And as a last evidence that this almost unmeasured tribute from a quite immeasurable man was based on thorough knowledge is the fact that he besought her to write fiction many years before she made her first attempt to do so or had even contemplated doing so. It is safe to say that no woman was ever accorded by such a judge such comprehensive and judicial praise as that which is here recorded for the pondering of ages so distant that perhaps women of George Eliot's calibre may then be relatively abundant.

We have dwelt on this because of the interest it will possess to the reader of, say, a thousand years hence, who will regard Spencer's century as that which saw the beginning of a new era for woman; but of course the two chief interests of this book are to be found in its illumination of Spencer's work and of his character. As to the first, there is no space here to speak. It would be necessary to quote some hundreds of pages in order to demonstrate the very high importance which this book will always possess as a study made of its own development by an intellect probably the most stupendous yet evolved in the history of our globe.

And as to the character of the man. The whole story is here told. Spencer tells us of his efforts to control his lack of tact, his lack of reticence, his hasty temper, his self-esteem, his indomitable but sometimes misdirected will. He shows us how even the finest intellect may err, in trying to give grounds for the belief that his father was his intellectual superior! He compares his mother's great sacrifices for him with his small sacrifices for her; and speaks of the "unceasing regret" with which he recalls his lack of due appreciation of her when she was alive. In the "Reflections" with which the book closes we have a commingling of rare qualities; it is the most impressive and important chapter in the book: the last that humanity is to receive from one who wrought for half-a-century to give "more life and fuller" to the generations that are to be. To a cosmic range of intellect that enabled him to unify all knowledge in one inexpugnable generalisation, he added a love of humanity that made him the incessant foe of militarism, the champion of women and children and the tireless seeker of such truth as might add to the dignity and worth of human existence in the coming stages of its evolution. Author of an idea which comprehends stars, atoms, societies and thought itself within one principle, he yet found time to teach the medical profession that a child likes sweets because they are good for it and the educationists that a girl's limbs are as much entitled to health-giving exercise as a boy's or a kitten's. Having established upon the basis of knowledge rather than fancy the truth that the Cosmos is an ordered unity, he yet insisted, in season and out of season, upon the claims of the individual as opposed to the many. Master of a wider range of knowledge, abstract and concrete, than any of his predecessors, he yielded to no one in his recognition that human knowledge is utter nescience; and amidst the reviling of those who, in their prejudice and self-sufficiency, falsely called him "atheist" and "materialist," he taught, whilst conclusively proving that true religion must last as long as men continue to think, that we are "ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."

C. W. SALEEDY.

More Carlyle

NEW LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle. With illustrations. (John Lane. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

THOSE who regard the good name of a great man as among the most precious possessions of his country must welcome a publication tending to restore Carlyle to the place which he occupied in general esteem before the mismanagement, to employ no harsher phrase, of his trusted literary executor. Mr. Alexander Carlyle has not been unconcerned with endeavours to this end by polemical methods, but he perceives that it is a more excellent way to let Carlyle plead his own cause, not as an advocate in a case which had not arisen in his time, but by the simple self-portraiture of forty years of familiar correspondence. As he justly remarks, Carlyle's journals fail to represent his habitual mood for the simple reason that he only journalised when in low spirits. These three hundred and ninety-five letters, dashed off for the most part with little or no premeditation, and written to various people on varying occasions, are far more truly expressive of the general attitude of his mind. It will be, we should think, impossible for any one to read these constant testimonies of devoted family affections, tender pathos, compassion for humanity as a whole and for its suffering members, quiet unostentatious generosity and fidelity in the fulfilment of arduous obligations without acknowledging that no true portrait of the man can represent him as other than noble.

No character, of course, can be exempt from faults, and it is Carlyle's misfortune that his principal defect not merely lent itself to ridicule, but often betrayed him into grave injustice. He was, unquestionably, an inveterate grumbler, and this failing not only embittered his domestic life, but rendered his correspondence and conversation a repertory of groundless and at first sight ill-natured judgments upon predecessors and contemporaries. The assemblage of so many letters helps us to a reason for a characteristic commonly and not wholly without foundation attributed to dyspepsia, but which requires a deeper explanation. He seems to have formed a most inadequate conception of the significance of the age in which he himself was living and of the brilliancy of its intellectual achievement. It might have been expected that one who had so unsparingly denounced the spiritual bankruptcy of the eighteenth century would welcome the advent of a new age with higher ideals, but the nineteenth century fared even worse with him than its predecessor; and hardly any of its illustrious representatives in any department receives any due measure of encomium. Even Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" and Emerson's Essays, which might have been expected to have aroused his enthusiasm, are mentioned with some slight. This unhappy incapacity for admiration has operated greatly to his disadvantage, causing him to be regarded as a bilious and cynical misanthrope, while it is in fact evident that his heart is bursting with the sympathy which veracity compels him, as he thinks, to withhold. He never suspects that the fault may be in himself and that he may be an indifferent judge of the merits of other men. But although these letters are full of crude disparagement, sometimes offensively expressed, it is clear that envy or jealousy had no part in these censures. They concern himself as much as others; there is hardly any book of his own which does not suffer from his inadequate estimate of the significance and the genius of his own day.

The letters now published extend from 1836 to 1879, and may be divided into two main classes: family letters

addressed to Carlyle's mother, brother, wife and other near relatives; and letters to friends and associates, literary for the most part. The general characteristic of the former is an intense affectionateness sometimes tinged with unconscious humour by a strong clanish feeling. Most of them are written in great haste, warm from the warm heart. Many of the miscellaneous letters are also hasty and artless, but others are elaborate compositions, careful in style and models of skill with reference to the end proposed. Among them may be mentioned the excellent letter of advice to an unknown correspondent (No. 134); that to the Rev. Alexander Scott on literary methods (No. 161); that to Leigh Hunt on his "Religion of the Heart"; and the two to Sterling, delicately but unmistakably conveying Carlyle's dissatisfaction with his "Strafford." "Browning's 'Strafford' I have never seen, nor shall see." In a letter to Browning himself, however, Carlyle acknowledges the receipt of "Sordello" and "Pippa Passes," and characteristically advises his correspondent to write his next book in prose. The letters to Sterling are always charming, and entirely in the spirit of the Life. The letters succeeding the death of Mrs. Carlyle are exceedingly pathetic, but, as Mr. Alexander Carlyle remarks, are quite inconsistent with the idea, confirmed as this is by the wild outbursts of grief in Carlyle's diary, of his having felt any obligation to remorse for his conduct towards her. Graphic sketches of persons and things abound everywhere, and there are some good descriptive letters, especially of rides in South Wales and the home counties. Without any shade of obscurity, the style of his simplest note is still thoroughly Carlylean, effectually refuting the fancy that his characteristic diction was affected for literary purposes.

The letters here published are only a portion of a larger collection, some day, it is to be hoped, to be given to the world. They have been selected up to 1866 by Professor Norton, and after that date by Mr. Alexander Carlyle. The book is handsomely printed, and appropriately illustrated with portraits and views. An index of the letters under the names of the persons to whom they are addressed would have been acceptable. The annotation is too sparing, but excellent as far as it goes, and controversy is wisely avoided. The only slip we have remarked is the conjecture that the "heterodox Lincolnshire parson" who found funds for the "Leader" was the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, who did not belong to Lincolnshire but to Norfolk, and was so remote from heterodoxy as to edit the "Quarterly Review." The person intended was the Rev. Edmund Larken, rector of Burton, near Lincoln.

R. GARNETT.

Woodland Ways

THE NEW FOREST. By Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley. With twenty full-page illustrations in colour. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE public is already familiar with the series of quarto volumes illustrated in colour which, including several by Mr. Mortimer Menpes and a couple by Mr. Fulleylove, occupies so important a place in the catalogue of Messrs. Adam & Charles Black. The past week sees the addition of two to the list, Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley's volume and one by Mr. C. Lewis Hind, entitled "Adventures among Pictures." Most of the volumes owe their existence to the improvements effected of late years in the reproduction of pictures in colour, a method of book decoration which it is evident has points of appeal that extend to widely differing classes. But it is children to whom the appeal has ever been the most irresistible. It was to the childlike faith of

the mediæval devotee that, in the main, the designer of the illuminated manuscript addressed himself. Thence to the hand-coloured wood engravings of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is a seven-league leap, but the appeal once more was to the child-mind. Then again for children in the 'forties of the nineteenth century Joseph Cundall produced coloured illustrations, and in the 'fifties Baxter his Baxter-types. Chromolithography soon afterwards developed rapidly, and decorated "juveniles" both internally and externally with colour. And then in the dying years of the nineteenth century came the three-colour and kindred processes. Is it yet again to children that the appeal is made? It goes without saying that no process has yet satisfied either artist or lover of art, though between the early chromo and the colour-print of today is fixed a great gulf. Will the day ever come when the "average man," whose demand, presumably, is responsible for these continuous efforts to reproduce, in perfect facsimile, a picture in colours, shall say "I have no pleasure in them"? One of Frank Stockton's most whimsical tales is based on the idea of a man whose commercial penetration, having gauged the artistic instincts of his fellow-townsmen to a T, results in his invention of a machine for the production of hand-painted pictures in oils. The hands are mechanical ones, but they hold brushes, and the pictures are demonstrably "hand-painted"—and, when a certain number has been struck off from the same design, indistinguishable from the original which the machine was set to copy. This seems to be the end in view of the experimenters in colour reproduction by process, and it *may* ultimately be achieved—it is far enough from having been achieved up to the present—but what a goal to aim at! The present process probably accentuates the faults of whatever colour scheme it is applied to, so that when made use of for the reproduction of pictures so lacking in imaginative qualities as those in Mrs. Rawnsley's book, the uncompromising colouring of the originals—this is conjecture only, of course—is hardened into a positive conflagration of crude blues and greens and oranges which coalesce without harmonising, without even influencing each other. That different results are obtainable is evident from a glance at the frontispiece to Mr. Hind's volume, "Plain Land," by Louis Grier, a strange opalescent landscape of intermingled blues and greens that recalls, both in design and colouring, a Japanese colour print. But Mrs. Rawnsley's pictures may have suffered more than common wrong in the process of reproduction, for even those in low tones, and it is in low tones that the colour process seems to yield the best result, are displeasing: "Beaulieu Road," for instance, where the artist's selection appears to be in no way at fault. Of the text it is not possible to speak with any enthusiasm. Although the title-page reads as above, upon the cover appear the words "Painted and described by Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley." Now Mrs. Rawnsley has *not* described the "New Forest." She has given a series of impressions which she has received from the Forest, intermixed with a good deal of gossip about a garden; and gossip about gardens has become rather wearisome of late. One need not demand history in such a volume as this, but one might reasonably expect such of the features of a guide-book as help the stranger to know the districts he is most likely to appreciate, and the routes of approach. To record with sufficient of mastery to compel a hearing the impressions conveyed to a mind by landscape, by weather or by the observation of the fauna and flora of a restricted area is a rare gift, rarely exercised.

F. CHAPMAN.

The Great Proconsul

THE LIFE OF THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE, K.T. By Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I. (Macmillan. 25s. net.)

FEW of our great Indian administrators have escaped attack and hostile criticism. The Indian Empire is an anomaly now, and the rule of the East India Company was still more of an anomaly. The position of a Governor-General, swaying a vaster territory and a stronger host than Aurangzib ruled at his highest, and yet limited in his reign and liable to be criticised and checked by the British Government on one side and the Directors on the other, was something that the West found it hard to appreciate, and the East absolutely failed to comprehend. The Oriental imagination of Disraeli, leading him instinctively to appreciate the Eastern mind, gave the princes and races of India a personal sovereign whom all had heard about and some had seen. Tawdry as the Durbars and proclamations seemed to the austere British mind, it may be, as far as we yet know, that from them dates the growth of genuine loyalty among the princes and natives of India.

Dalhousie came at the parting of the ways. The dual control of India was more and more an anachronism, and yet it required the shock of the Mutiny to overthrow the traditions of rule. He was undoubtedly a great administrator, but not great enough to foresee the consequences of much that he chose to do and also much that he was forced to do.

But in so far as regards the Mutiny, Sir W. Lee-Warner heaps up proofs that others in high place, with greater experience, military and native alike, were as blind to the danger as he. Further, there is no doubt now that had the military measures recommended by Dalhousie in a remarkable series of minutes been adopted, the Mutiny would either not have broken out, or would have been nipped in the bud. Early in 1856 he proposed that the proportion of European troops to native should be increased, by enlisting more British and disbanding part of the Sepoys, and by enlarging the so-called "irregular" force of the Punjab, which was to save India soon after.

This biography is the model of what a life of a great man should be. Lord Dalhousie is made to speak for himself, by his diary, his letters, his minutes and despatches. The attacks on him are stated fairly and answered moderately; and no imputation of motives is ever made. So anxious is the biographer not to be unjust that he refers to a vindication of Gough's strategy in the Sikh Wars, published after his own first volume was written, and advises his readers to find out from it what can be said against Dalhousie's unfavourable opinion.

The most interesting part of the work must be, to an historical student, the discussion how far Dalhousie's masterful policy was the cause of the Mutiny. To us it has always seemed that the causes of the Mutiny must be inferred from the nature of the outbreak. It was, as its name implies, primarily a mutiny, the rising of the mercenary Bengal army against the Government. It was most like that grim tragedy of ancient history, the war of Carthage with the Mercenaries, that other πόλεμος ἀσπονδός. The revolt was joined by dispossessed princes, unsuccessful claimants, religious fanatics and all the enormous Eastern host of waiters on fortune and courtiers of the successful. The Bengal Sepoys had been pampered with extra pay and extravagant praise: the pay had been reduced, and they were full of vague fears that not only their privileged position but their religious and social standing was to be taken from them.

Indian history is full of changes of dynasty and sovereignty brought about by mutinies of mercenaries. When the rulers of the country were foreign in race and thought, and the British soldiers were reduced in numbers and their quality discredited by native rumour, is there need of more to explain what happened? The Sepoys felt no more loyalty to the Company than Sir John Hawkwood and his men to the Signory of Florence.

For the reduction in the pay and privileges of the Bengal spy Dalhousie was responsible, as also for the proposal to make the native army liable to service beyond the sea. Both these measures were necessary for efficiency; both were bound to cause discontent. Had his other proposals been adopted, the discontent would have been repressed with comparative ease. For the blunder of the greased cartridges, Dalhousie can have no responsibility.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

A Great Curator

SIR WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, K.C.B., &c. *A Personal Memoir.* By C. J. Cornish, M.A. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE latter half of the nineteenth century was the battle-ground of giants so redoubtable that men of consummate talent and intellectual vigour, yet somewhat less than epoch-makers, tend now to be gravely underrated. Such a one was Sir William Flower, whose services to science and to his country have their lively witness to-day. The reviewer of this delightful memoir, approaching it with little knowledge of the man outside that derived from the anthropological part of his work, finds himself happy in making the acquaintance of one who, as Mr. Francis Galton has said, "was more universally beloved by his contemporaries than almost any other scientific man whom I have known."

Born in 1831, young Flower left the domestic museum which delighted his schooldays for the study of medicine, distinguishing himself in the Crimean war. His letters home at this time are of much interest as bringing some aspects of the siege of Sebastopol into comparison with the present and parallel siege of another Russian fortress. Though Flower discovered "the tendency in the British Army to snub the doctors and not give them fair play," he insisted on using chloroform, and with the best results.

But we must pass from Flower, the promising young surgeon with a penchant for eye work, to Flower the curator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. He gave up the prospect of wealth for the science which he loved, and with which his name is now so wholly identified that the present writer, long familiar with his name, had never heard of his connection with the medical profession. Only three years after the publication of the "Origin of Species" Flower originated the means of letting Nature tell its own story of the laws of evolution, by a wise rearrangement, occupying many years, of the specimens in the unrivalled museum founded by John Hunter. When, after more than twenty years of fruitful work in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he was appointed director of the Natural History Museum, Flower devoted his peculiar genius to what he has now made the model of every leading zoological museum in Europe and in the United States. The great Central Hall, destined for an inferior purpose by Owen, to whom the great theory of the younger generation was a thing to be opposed by means often dubious, was devoted by Flower to the highest

purpose it could fill. For centuries to come the thoughtful face of Darwin, as figured by Boehm, will look down upon the cases in which, by many years' hard labour, Flower has demonstrated in the simplest and most attractive manner the theories to which Darwin first gave the hall-mark of certainty.

In his knowledge of whales Flower had only one rival, Sir William Turner of Edinburgh; as a curator he was without an equal. He has incalculably enhanced the value of museums all over the world by his originality and devotion.

But his original contributions to science were numerous and important. When anthropology was even more shamefully neglected in this country than it is at present, he did his utmost for it, always citing the few instances, such as Oxford and Edinburgh, where the science of man was recognised. He did much to demonstrate the truth that all the races of man have a common origin, and his important methods in the study of craniology helped to make it plain that there are three, and not more than three, great families of man at present extant, the Caucasian, the Mongol and the African.

Above all, Flower was a high-minded and sympathetic gentleman. He thought it worth while to demonstrate, on anatomical grounds, the idiocy and cruelty of the bearing-rein; he valued the friendship of men like Stanley, who, when ignorance assailed Darwin, preached from the text "Let there be light," and declared that truth could never be in opposition to the highest thoughts of man; and when he believed himself dying in the night, rather than waken his devoted wife, worn out by many sleepless nights of nursing, he opened the prayer-book beside his bed at the words "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," thinking that, if he should indeed die, these words might comfort her. Verily a life worth living and worthy of remembrance.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Pioneer of Army Reform

LORD CARDWELL AT THE WAR OFFICE. *A History of his Administration, 1868-1874.* By General Sir Robert Biddulph, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (Murray. 9s. net.)

LORD CARDWELL, the man who gave us the Army Reserve and short service, and abolished purchase—the man, in fact, who gave us a modern army—has been much forgotten. He was not a picturesque or eloquent statesman. The portrait of him at the beginning of this volume is pre-eminently an official face, attentive, just, able, capable of sternness, but not an attractive or striking face. He is rather the person you would expect to find in the chair at some important company meeting, and fortunate you would be to find him there.

It is well that now, when the British Army is just emerging from the melting-pot again, we should be able to compare what an able and patriotic organiser like Lord Cardwell did, and still more what he wanted to do, with what our present Commission of Three has done and recommended. On the whole, and speaking not as an expert, I should think that the recent reconstruction is proceeding on Cardwellian lines. The separation of departments and apportionment of responsibility is his idea; the assimilation of the War Office to the Admiralty, and the attempt to give a permanence and continuity to military as to naval policy are all Cardwell principles. The Intelligence Department was his creation, and if subsequent Ministers and Parliaments had not starved it and military authorities dis-

regarded what it was able to find out, the saving in our late war would have been enormous. And according to Sir Robert Biddulph, who ought to know, Lord Cardwell's favourite plan was the creation of a Minister of Defence, a single person with all the strength of a single expert mind, to fulfil the functions that were apparently neglected by the recent Council of Defence. "Boards are screens," and there is nothing so soporific as divided responsibility. Only it would seem that such a Minister of Defence would have to be an expert, and a permanent official. Party considerations could not be allowed to influence such an appointment. But it is hardly likely that Mr. Gladstone would have listened to a proposal of that sort, even from his most efficient colleague. The supremacy of Parliament was too much a part of his mental structure.

A considerable part of Sir Robert Biddulph's book is taken up with the abolition of purchase in the Army, and the way in which this reform was carried through by the authority of the Crown, in spite of opposition in the Lords. Historically speaking, the abolition of purchase by Royal Warrant was in accordance with tradition. It was the Sovereign that gave commissions; and the Sovereign had previously forbidden the sale and purchase of commissions in the Army, only allowing, as an exception, certain ranks to be dealt in at certain rates. These rates having notoriously been exceeded, the Sovereign withdrew the concession that had been abused. But nevertheless the famous Royal Warrant was a means of settling an important change in the Army without the consent of the House of Lords, and might conceivably have been used to decide the question without the consent of the Commons.

The sketch of the history of purchase in the Army is very interesting; and it might have been carried further back, though for the purposes of this work Charles II.'s reign begins the existence of the Army. The English armies for the Hundred Years' War were raised by nobles and great men, who were paid by the King for their contingents, and presumably bestowed commands in their forces for value received, as well as for relationship or favour.

The style of the book is adequate and businesslike, fitting its subject. A good many documents are inserted, as is indeed necessary. All the interest such a work has for the reader must be in clear explanation and fair statement, and for these merits Sir Robert Biddulph may claim full credit. It is a pity that he should have fallen into the traditional official blunder of the double perfect with the infinitive—"on a basis so firm that it would not have been easy for a successor to have overturned it." May we hope that this is one of the War Office traditions that will not survive the cleansing of the Dauntless Three?

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Oscar Holtzmann. Translated by J. T. Bealby and Maurice A. Canney. (A. & C. Black. 18s. net.)

THIS book reads as if it were the word of a middle-aged world taking a final farewell of its youthful dream. It is a farewell word in which there lingers no regret or anything inconsistent with stoical acquiescence in the dream's departure. There is nothing grandiose, nothing romantic, about this good-bye. The Jesus, the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, is no more. He who stilled the waves with a word and commanded the dead to live is no more. The Reformation swept away the gorgeous edifice of the autonomous Church against which the gates of hell should not prevail, threw out the mysteries of grace, and made a mock

of the very Presence. The nineteenth century has torn to tatters the record of the human life and stripped the historical figure of the trappings lent it by the pious imagination of an older, or a younger, age. The biological record, like that of the human infant, is multiplied in the successive ages, and in the microcosm of our London you may see them all to-day. Here we have vague primitive enthusiasm at the street corner; at Westminster the gorgeous ceremonial of a professional priesthood formed on a philosophy and theology of which it is thenceforward to be the guardian; a free thought that acquiesces in a literary tradition stately in simplicity at St. Paul's; the while quiet men in studies, more or less ignoring the mere question of "values," persevere in their self-imposed task of pulling down and uprooting.

Here, for instance, is Professor Holtzmann, a most honest and painstaking man, whose work it is equally impossible to ignore and to take a fervid interest in, stripping the great high priest of his Urim and Thummim, of his breastplate of precious stones, of his bells and pomegranates, his sandals and his mitre of fine linen, that we, whose fathers bent the knee at *incarnatus est*, may rise superior to the remote half-illuminate peasant reformer of Galilee. And so little bitterness does he show, so little of the iconoclastic fever, that his work is, from the point of view of the orthodox believer, triply dangerous. To many the illustrated life of Christ that M. Tissot was exhibiting in London a few years ago was of the nature of a *scandalon*; yet that the Son of Man was without form and comeliness was no new idea.

But the Son of Man was the Eternal Wisdom of the Father. For two thousand years the lightest words that proceeded out of His mouth have been as unfathomable wells, from which men might draw the water of life; and now the wells are parched. And He who was the way and the truth and the life, the vine, the door, the shepherd, the great high priest, the immaculate victim, the lamb that should take away the sins of the world, is become but a little star in the constellation of the world's teachers of "morality." Is that, then, to be the last word?

THE HOMERIC HYMNS. Edited by T. W. Allen, M.A., and E. E. Sikes, M.A. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

WHAT is known for certain is that the Homeric Hymns are neither hymns nor by Homer. Date, authorship and intention are matters of pure conjecture. Possibly some of the poems were used on festival days, whilst the shorter poems seem to be introductory to Epic recitations. But what is the interest of the poems? Regarded merely as poetry they do not take a very high place, although there are passages in them infected with a love of open-air life, as readers of Shelley's translation of the "Hermes" may infer. To some they are interesting because they give clues to the Greek religion, to others their charm must lie in the fact that they contain quite a multitude of puzzles, linguistic and historical.

But whatever their value, here is an edition, which for some time must be final, representing the labour of many years. The introduction discusses the manuscripts, references to the hymns in literature and their nature and language. Full notes, textual and exegetic, are also given—in a word the whole scholar's apparatus is here and we cannot conceive that any one will have the heart to undertake the task of editing these poems afresh, unless indeed he can match his scholarship with an equal originality.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the poems is "Demeter," and this has an interest quite apart from its

art. It is a very old document which reveals certain aspects of the Eleusinian ritual, which in the light of such works as Frazer's "Golden Bough" appears to symbolise the mystery of the earth's fertility—seed-time and harvest. After the sowing of the seed man's part in the operation ended until harvest should again fill his barns and assure him of food for the winter. It would be strange indeed if the long wait between Spring and Autumn should not bring fears for the harvest and an anxiety to do all that was possible to propitiate the corn-mother and the corn-maiden—"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Hence the birth of Greek religion and the growth of the Eleusinian mysteries. In this poem there are references to fasting, to purification, to the carrying of lighted torches over the land in order to cleanse it; to the purification by fire—see the strange story of Demophoon—to the breaking of the fast by the taking of a mixture of wheat and water—"She commanded them to mingle meal and water and mint and give it to her to drink." So the fairy story of our youth is seen to give us a key to unlock that strong box of the Greek—his religion. This volume has a good index and the introduction to each poem is headed by a short bibliography.

ALLGEMEINE DEUTSCHE BIOGRAPHIE. Vol. XLVIII. (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.)

LIKE our own great "Dictionary of National Biography," when the German record of its great men reached in 1899 the last name in Z, it was determined to issue supplementary volumes that should include the celebrated men and women who had died during the progress of the work. The third volume of the supplement, forming the forty-eighth of the whole work, has just appeared, and is in every way worthy of its long line of predecessors. It extends from Döllinger to Friedrich.

These supplementary volumes have an importance outside Germany, for they afford almost the only permanent means of reference for the lives of the great modern figures who have dominated Germany in politics, literature, art, science, indeed, in every department of human activity. If we wish to consult a brief but authoritative account of the life and work of Bismarck, or of Bernhardt, or of Bamberger, among statesmen and politicians, we must turn to these volumes, where we shall also find excellent lives of Anzengruber the poet, Auerbach the novelist, Curtius the historian, and Delius the Shakespearean critic.

The last published volume contains a life of Dove the chemist, whose work as a meteorologist is of the highest importance, since it was he who made the first attempt to systematise it as a science. Du Bois-Reymond, the physiologist, also finds a place here. One of the most interesting memoirs is that of Feuerbach, the painter, who died in 1880. He had a hard struggle, for during his lifetime few bought his pictures or saw anything in them, whereas he is now considered one of the greatest masters of the past century. His pictures, with those of Böcklin, form the chief worth of the Schack Gallery at Munich. Feuerbach wrote an account of his own life, entitled "The Heritage," because he believed that he had inherited his gloomy temperament. The book is a "Complaint" rather than an autobiography, and it is well to have the calmly reasoned memoir by Anton von Werner that the Dictionary affords. One thing must be conceded, that Feuerbach himself always believed in his art and its future recognition. There is also a life of Freytag the novelist, who died in 1895. He attempted in his work to make

literature a means to strengthen the nation to a national life.

We might perhaps take this opportunity of reminding those of our readers who may at times need information about the careers of recently deceased German celebrities of the great usefulness of the "Biographisches Jahrbuch und Deutscher Nekrolog," edited by Anton Bettelheim. It is a valuable book of reference, especially for the lives of men not yet dealt with in the "Allgemeine Biographie."

Some Minor Verse

CRUMBS OF FANCY. By Lotte. (Stock. 2s. 6d.)

ST. JOHN: A POEM. By Robert F. Horton. (Dent. 1s. net.)

POEMS. By W. E. Walkerdine. (Stock. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE POET'S CHILD. By Christie Finlayson. (Sonnen-schein. 2s. 6d.)

SIDELIGHTS: POEMS, CHIEFLY LOCAL. By E. Percy Schofield. (Barton-on-Humber: Lee. 1s.)

CORNISH BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By R. S. Hawker. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"CRUMBS OF FANCY" is a book one cannot praise or yet light-heartedly condemn. The author—we should guess, a woman, from the internal evidence; for "Lotte" appears to be a pen-name—the author has a certain temper of thought which demands respect; while yet the thought itself is neither deep nor original. So also the expression shows a certain instinct for poetry and sense of fancy, rather than imagination; while yet it is rudimentary in the extreme. The author has scarce mastered the elementary problems of poetic style: all is *incompt* and beginner-like. Yet there is the residual something which forbids any responsible critic to sneer. And that is all we can say.

It is more than could be said of "St. John," which is a curious attempt to versify the Gospel narratives through the mouth of the evangelist John. It has facility of versification, and no other poetic quality. Perfectly sincere in religious feeling, quite respectable and habitual in diction, it proceeds in a contented amble of equable and prosaic narration. The juxtaposition of biblical and journalistic phrase has occasionally *bizarre* effect, which alone disturbs the placid level of commonplace relation. Its religious feeling never prompts any artistic emotion, any imagination; it is a typical example how religious sincerity may go with poetic insincerity. The one sincerity has here been powerless to generate the other. The form is a mistake, because it implies the one all-conspicuous absence—poetry.

Of the next three books, speech were not kind. Two are of the impossible sort which create wonder as to how they found cold print; while "Sidelights" has the local smartness which claims no wider audience—its slight serious attempt a faint Tennysonian echo. But amends for all foregone feebleness come with the excellent popular edition of Stephen Hawker which issues from the Bodley Head. Of this little-known poet two collected editions have appeared, the better and later also coming from the Bodley Head. Upon it the present edition is based, with some slight additions. The memoir and bibliography of Mr. Wallis, the previous editor, are omitted by the present editor, Mr. Byles, for reasons of space, and pending the forthcoming biography of Stephen Hawker. But their place is taken, and the book is made valuable, by a number of very interesting reproductions from the chief local scenes and features, commemorated in the poems. Some of these are photographs,

some lithographs, one or two from old engravings. Together with the characteristic portrait of Hawker which forms the frontispiece, they make this edition essential to every lover of the Cornish poet who sang Trelawney. Very little of him rises above a clean and healthy mediocrity, be it confessed: he had the Wordsworthian trick of rhyming upon everything and anyhow. But in a few pieces, by sheer strength of character, he overcomes his lack of art, and is excellently right, once for all. One or two of the best among these pieces have an imaginative strength, sincerity and individuality quite surprising, and worthy of lasting memory—which in the end they will surely attain. It is a poetic personality which merits a wider repute than has yet been accorded it.

Fiction

THE SUCCESSOR. By Richard Pryce. (Hutchinson, 6s.) The central idea of Mr. Pryce's new novel is by no means new, in fact it is as old as man himself—the desire for an heir. A certain Lord Alton saw that his property was fine and his means abundant, but without pleasure, for there was no son or daughter to inherit, only a watchful heir presumptive, the son of his deceased brother. But it was only when there was no offspring by his third wife that he gave himself altogether up to despair. From his despair he is roused by a letter from his sister-in-law, who rashly presumes on the state of affairs to push forward her son. In his anger he evolves a plan by which the heir presumptive is disappointed, and a daughter is born to the house of Alton. The main theme of the story, if examined closely, is unpleasant, the plot of Lord Alton to secure a child repellent, but Mr. Pryce does not intrude it upon us. It is a mere suggestion, a careless hint, something almost intangible. The story flows so smoothly, is told with such an airy touch, that we are never offended, and it is only when we close the book and cast a backward glance that we could wish the author had chosen a pleasanter subject. The characters in the book are never elaborated, only suggested with clever incisive touches. The dialogue is bright, often amusing. Mr. Pryce is a novelist with a distinct style, for which in these days we may be thankful. He knows exactly the moment when enough has been said, he keeps to his subject and pursues the main theme of his story evenly throughout the book. "The Successor" does not ask us to be serious and study far-reaching questions set forth at great length; it simply amuses and agreeably passes an idle hour. We are never bored, nor does our attention flag. This, we imagine, was Mr. Pryce's intention in writing the book.

RULERS OF KINGS. By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan, 6s.) We must register a most urgent protest against so fine a writer as Mrs. Atherton wasting her time not merely upon attempting the impossible, but that which, if possible, should be forbidden. To take living monarchs, or in fact living notabilities of any standing, for use as puppets in a work of fiction is both feeble and futile; it shocks all sense of literary propriety and makes the story ring untrue, however ably it may be contrived. The present rulers of Germany and Austria, an imaginary daughter of the latter, a wonderful young American multi-millionaire, such are the leading figures in "Rulers of Kings"; the plot is one of the wildest fantasy, and the only interests of the book are the cleverly drawn character of the Archduchess Ranata and the keen discussions of the future of Continental politics. The Archduchess is a striking figure, with her strange mingling of the past and of the future, of the ambitions, the strifes, the killing conventions of a Royal house with the longings, desires, wild impulses of a young, headstrong and beautiful woman. The pity of it all is that Mrs. Atherton should have spent so much time, labour and skill in elaborating a predestined failure. The novelist should keep to the world of imagination, leaving facts—as far as they can be ascertained—to the historian.

ADRIA, A TALE OF VENICE. By Alexander Nelson Hood. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.) "Adria" is not so much a novel as a picture of Venice in a romantic period and with romantic incidents. The writer is imbued with the charm of Venice, with the wonderful beauty of the City of the Sea. His pen, halting and dull in the first few chapters, which are laid in England, becomes fluent and enthusiastic when he reaches Venice. He lingers lovingly over his descriptions as a lover lingers over the delineation of the loved one. The action of the story takes place in the 'forties, and is concerned with the heroic struggles of Manin and his followers to free Venice from the bonds of the Austrians. Julian West is sent out unofficially by Lord Palmerston to reconnoitre and report the state of feeling in Venice against the Austrians. He falls in immediately with the Manin patriots, and warmly espouses the cause of Venice. He finds a long-lost uncle, one of the prime movers in the struggle, under an assumed name, and after his death befriends his adopted daughter Adria. The story of Manin's brave fight against the Austrians is graphically told. "Manin alone was capable of leading or restraining that passionate people. He was the representative of their aspirations, the hero of their cause, the apostle of liberty, the champion on whom they blindly relied." It ended, as all the world knows, in Manin's banishment from Italy. Venice's acknowledgment of his patriotism when the Austrian yoke was removed from her shoulders was to bring the remains of Manin, his wife and daughter from France to a final resting place in San Marco. But it is as a description of Venice, as an attempt to put its beauties on paper, that "Adria" is chiefly concerned, and the author may certainly be praised for a warm coloursome appreciation of Byron's "Fairy City of the Heart." Not the least of its merits are some very excellent photographs, admirably printed.

LANCE-IN-REST. By L. A. Talbot. (Harper, 6s.) Despite its martial title, Mr. (?) Talbot's novel is no romance of chivalry, but a story of modern life. "Lance-in-Rest" is in fact the nickname bestowed upon the heroine by her lover, a name appropriate enough to Agatha Linwood in her impulsive knight-errantry, but one which would assuredly never have been conceived or bestowed by the correct young barrister, Robert Bass. In reading this curious book we come to the conclusion that the author is either singularly untrained in the art of construction, or is wilfully ignoring its value. The care and space given to the portraiture of Robert appears disproportionate, since that unfortunate young gentleman is ultimately handed over to Agatha's prim little sister, and is then abruptly killed off, as though the author did not know what to do with him. The central situation of the book might seem to verge on melodrama, but as treated by Mr. Talbot is hardly even drama. Agatha Linwood, while living in a solitary moorland cottage, rescues a traveller from the snow, only to recognise him as Adrian Armitage, who is being pursued on the suspicion of murder. Adrian having lost his memory as a result of a blow on his head, Agatha passes him off to the world and to himself as her brother. This sufficiently improbable complication is depicted with a quietness which proves rather convincing. Of course Adrian recovers his memory and proceeds to fall in love with the wrong person. The final adjustment must be left for the reader to discover. As a story "Lance-in-Rest" must be pronounced unsatisfactory, but the gallant figure of Agatha Linwood is very attractive, and there are touches alike in characterisation and description that suggest that the author has done some thinking before beginning to write.

THE KING'S FOOL. By Michael Barrington. (Blackwood, 6s.) "The King's Fool" hides the heart of a poet beneath his jester's motley, and his story is a dream of mediæval romance. This tale of the age of the Troubadours shows us feast and tourney, leads us from monastic quietness to the brilliance of a King's Court, and depicts extremes of loyalty and treason, love and hate. Yet with all its dramatic elements it is essentially a romance of the spirit, and the author is more intimately concerned with the secret tragedy of Yvot, the King's Fool, than with the vengeance of

Ranulf Fitzurse, and the triumph of Hubert the King. The central motive of the story is admirably original, and there is a singular and pathetic irony in having a chronicle of the days of chivalry set to no music of clashing steel or melody of a jongleur's lute, but to the mocking jingle of a jester's bells. Yvot, who masques a knightly spirit in his ignominious disguise, is first shown to us as a child in the Monastery of Orlac, where he is the special charge of the saintly Abbot Raymond, who alone knows the secret of his birth. The boy himself can recall nothing of his life before he was brought to the shelter of Orlac-in-the-Valley, save dim memories of storm and peril which haunt his sleep. The monastic seclusion and its effect on a sensitive child are delicately suggested, and the Abbot Raymond, with the fire of the Troubadour rekindling at moments beneath his ascetic calm, is a beautiful figure; his death at the organ, rapt in the soundless music which reaches the boy Yvot in his dreams, is an exquisite bit of mysticism. Cast out, friendless and nameless, Yvot comes to the Court of the young King, and all his great imaginings of valour and fame end in his being chosen by Hubert as his jester. Thenceforward the story is that of a great loyalty, unbroken even by the love which King and jester both feel for the Lady Modwena. How Yvot serves his King and his lady and how in the end his name is revealed—all this forms the outward history of the King's Fool. It is a romantic and pathetic history very harmoniously told; yet perhaps we shall not read it amiss if we feel that the actual events are the least part of its significance. For the book is after a fashion a philosophical fantasy, located among the rose gardens and tiltyards of mediæval romance. Yvot's wooden sword, worn in place of knightly steel, is a very emblem of life's futility, and his half sad jests and loyal silence will dwell in the memory longer even than the valiant deeds by which he proves the manhood beneath the motley. Dreamer and mocker of dreams, there is a very haunting pathos in this figure of "The King's Fool."

THE IMPERIALIST. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. (Constable, 6s.) Mrs. Everard Cotes has departed from her familiar fields and given, in the study of a Canadian town, a ponderous political novel. Elgin is pictured in its prosaic life with realistic fidelity, but neither strength of characterisation nor the story of four lovers can save the book from dullness. With discussions of imperial federation and preferential tariffs, "The Imperialist" is as dreary reading as the campaign documents of a contested election.

Short Notices

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON. By T. Fairman Ordish. New edition with additions. (Dent.) A new edition of this charming book has long been wanted. No other work that we know is so useful to the student of Shakespeare, to the student that is to say who takes an interest in Shakespeare's personality, to understand which a knowledge of Elizabethan London is essential. It is too often thought that all Shakespeare's deep insight into country life was gained from his early experiences at Stratford, and Mr. Ordish's book is a good corrective to this mistaken idea. Shakespeare's London was a country town, the country was never outside his ken; birds, beasts and flowers could be studied by him as well in the Metropolis as they could be in his native place. The additions to the work are very welcome, including the capital itinerary of the town. The illustrations are excellent, and include a reproduction of the Ely House portrait.

MY MEMORIES. By the Countess of Munster. (Eveleigh Nash, 12s. 6d.) In reading "My Memories" we seem to be listening in a twilight room to a gentle, reminiscent voice telling old stories, sad and gay, with the flickering flame of a log on the hearth lighting up a gentle time-graven face. The windows of the room look on an ancient pleasure where old lovers tread, lost roses bloom and wistful ghosts linger in the gloaming. The Countess of Munster gives us a book as rare as is the spirit of gracious, restful old age in which she writes. Her memory wanders far from the days when the

child "Mina" was the pet of King William IV. to the days when "weak, sad and tired" she writes of the years which lie between, for the friends who would hold her long, "waiting to go Home—for good and all," as the children say." The book gives many vivid portrait sketches, the earliest those of the kindly sailor King walking the deck of the old chain pier at Brighton or entertaining in the Dragon-room of the Pavilion, and Queen Adelaide in her generous love for the children and grandchildren of the King by a tie "the wrong, the pity" of which she felt and forgave. Of her girlhood at Kensington Palace the author writes in such leisurely, gossip style as would befit the vanished quill for which she sighs. Among her memories is the passing of the young Queen with a crown of white roses beneath the brim of her bride-bonnet. In contrast with this romantic reminiscence is the story of the removal of the sentries from the inner court of the Palace, routed by the ghost said to be that of George II., who died at Kensington Palace, October 25, 1760. There are glimpses of Dresden and Naples in the years of travel, of the Paris of Louis Philippe and the bourgeois homeliness of life in the Royal Family; later in 1848 the revolutionary mobs, the barricade in Faubourg St. Antoine and the passing in a one-horse *fiacre* of the fugitive King and Queen. The story gives a sojourn at the Court of Hanover, with sketches of the old King Ernest August, stately and erect in his hussar uniform, and of the blind Crown Prince, later George V. The latest direct records are of the early Court of Queen Victoria, and the charm and grace of the young Queen are held in loyal memory by the young and charming dancer at those far-off balls. In the "Miscellanea" are wise, womanly talks on "True Refinement" and "The Servant Question" and the story of "A Noble Life," told with sympathy for the brave worker and the erring children of her care. There is a veinage of supernaturalism through the book, most manifest in the eerie chronicle of "The Crimson Portrait." The Countess of Munster has given us a personal record which is delightfully garrulous yet wisely reticent, wide wandering in interest yet intimate and self-revealing. To the author's "Dear Readers! Farewell!" we cry back—Dear Lady! *A rivederla!*

A HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA: FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT BY THE DUTCH IN 1652 TO THE YEAR 1903. By H. A. Bryden. (Sands, 6s.) It is difficult to say aught but good about a book which is so obviously well-intentioned as this the latest history of South Africa. Its excuse for existence, should such excuse be necessary, is that it is short, concise, accurate and impartial, all of which qualifications are imperative in a work of this nature. Mr. Bryden has known South Africa for many years past, his novels have dealt exclusively with that vast sub-continent, and he has done his share of exploring, prospecting, trekking and even fighting. But he has not allowed his romantic instinct to obtrude itself in his history. It is all cold, clear-cut fact, duly authenticated and vouched for by documentary evidence and the quotations of recognised authorities. All this is as it should be. Save for the concluding chapters anent the Jameson Raid and the Boer war, there is really little or nothing here that is not to be found at greater length in the works of Sir John Barrow, Baynes, Bryce, Theal, Noble, the Rev. John Campbell, Sir Bartle Frere and a couple of dozen other standard authors, but the merit of Mr. Bryden's compilation lies in its succinct concentration. In the narrow compass of three hundred and fifty pages, eked out by a full and well-arranged index, we have all that it is necessary for the average student to know about the rise and development of that extraordinary part of the world out of which, according to Pliny, there always comes something new. Mr. Bryden very wisely takes up no very strong political attitude, and is quite content to let the mere narration of events speak for itself. He is entirely right in his description of the Rand just before the Jameson Raid; the seething discontent among the Uitlanders, the impossible attitude of Paul Kruger and the inevitableness of the war, which even in those lurid days loomed large and dark in the near foreground. It is always easy to be wise after the event, but Mr. Bryden is unexceptionably just and fair

to all alike; he states a plain case, and it is for the careful reader to draw his conclusions. Altogether this little history is thoroughly honest and reliable, and may quite confidently be recommended to students and others.

Reprints and New Editions

Only a few weeks ago I received a handsome reprint of *EVELINA*. Now I am presented with another forming one of the volumes of The York Library (Bell, 2s. net). It is a much smaller volume than the former, printed on thin paper and without the illustrations which made the larger volume so delightful. It testifies anew to the re-growth of Fanny Burney's reputation. What influences this fashion in literature? Probably Mr. Dobson's appreciation of Miss Burney in the English Men of Letters series caused a few to renew their friendship with her, and perhaps many of the younger generation to make her acquaintance. Has her vogue at the present moment any curious connection with the return to the old-world fashions in dress? "Evelina" was not very remunerative to its author, as remuneration goes now, Miss Burney receiving only thirty pounds in all. Another old friend with a new face greets me—*SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY* (Illustrated Pocket Classics, Macmillan, 2s. net). It lies side by side with a volume of essays by Addison and Steele, *THE SPECTATOR IN LONDON*, illustrated by Ralph Cleaver (Seeley, 2s. net). I welcome this as a boon, for these papers are by no means so well known as Sir Roger de Coverley, partly, as is pointed out in the preface, because the latter papers constitute only a small volume and have frequently been detached. The papers selected are those which bear directly on the various phases of town life in the reign of Queen Anne. While "Sir Roger de Coverley" gives us a glimpse of the country, "The Spectator in London" takes us to visit the old coffee-houses, the precursors of our present-day clubs, to the playhouse, to the shops—in short we make a round of the town in excellent company. "It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him." If every one we met in town amused and interested us as much as Addison and Steele we should not long consider the question. The general get-up of the book is excellent and should attract many buyers. In that pleasant and well-known series "The Little Library" is issued *THE POEMS OF HENRY VAUGHAN* (Methuen, 1s. 6d. net). The introduction and sketch of the poet's life, necessarily short, for there is little authoritative information on the subject, is by Edward Hutton. He contrasts him with Crashaw and Herbert, and expresses his opinion that of the three Crashaw is by far the greatest, with which verdict most of us will probably agree. Vaughan was, of course, above everything else a mystic, a poet of a mystical age, dreaming visions for which frequently he could not easily find expression; occasionally "for the briefest moments we find a very real beauty—thought and expression having presumably kissed each other." Two volumes, containing some of the best plays of *BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER*, have been added to the thin-paper issues of The Mermaid Series (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net each in leather, 2s. 6d. cloth). The introduction is by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, and makes interesting reading. Among the plays given us are "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "The Faithful Shepherdess," and "The Spanish Curate." We have had no complete edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays that can be considered adequate since that published in eleven volumes in 1843-6. In 1840 a two-volume edition was issued, and before that several in varying numbers of volumes. We understand that this want will be met by the new and complete edition, by Messrs. Bell & Bullen shortly. For those who do not want so large an edition we can recommend the two volumes in The Mermaid Series just noticed. The printing, paper and binding leave nothing to be desired, indeed the series is particularly tasteful and attractive where so many series are worthy of praise. Those

of us who have the previous volumes of the series have by now on our bookshelves a pleasant row of old plays in an up-to-date dress. To the Little Quarto Shakespeare (Methuen, 1s. each net) have just been added *ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL* and *THE WINTER'S TALE*. This little edition, to be completed in forty volumes, continues on its way merrily, cheered, I have no doubt, by generous patronage. I have only one small quarrel with this series, the volumes of which are so comfortable for the pocket—it is impossible to place it on the ordinary bookshelf. Where is it to repose? Perhaps Messrs. Methuen will send me a little case to accommodate it. I have received from Messrs. Dent *THE THOUGHTS OF BLAISE PASCAL* (The Temple Classics, 1s. 6d. net). This translation of the *Pensées* is by Mr. William Finlayson Trotter, M.A., from M. Léon Brunschvicg's text, and was specially made for this edition. These fragmentary thoughts or notes prepared by Pascal for his projected *Apologia* of the Christian religion have been considerably revised and modified since they were published in 1669. Their first appearance in English was in 1688. The present edition claims to be a translation of the most logical arrangement of the thoughts, namely that of the twelfth edition, published in 1900. F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

In Mrs. Campbell Praed's new novel, "Nyria," she has provided an astounding revelation for her readers in a preface which should considerably heighten the interest of the book. This tale of the first century is sufficiently absorbing to carry the reader through its pages without such testimony to their veracity. For they teem with dramatic incident and scenes so vivid that one certainly seems to have stepped back into those gorgeous days when Rome ruled the world. But we learn that the portraiture and pageantry owe their life-likeness to the abnormal memory of a ghostly slave girl. Having been an observer of half the political intrigues of the day—not to mention others where love and revenge played wildly for high stakes—and been martyred for her faith, this ghost-girl, Nyria, seems to have reappeared in the person of a modern but uncultured young woman, who, in some subconscious condition, has recounted her story to Mrs. Campbell Praed, including many intimate details of court and social life of the period. That these present the air of reality only imparted by an eye-witness we confess. Nevertheless the writer of fiction needs to be ingenious, and Mrs. Praed is a skilled craftswoman of her kind. She, however, practically disavows the authorship of "Nyria," although the book cannot fail to increase her reputation as a versatile novelist. Its peculiar interest is therefore not alone for the ordinary novel reader, but for the student of history and of psychology, to whom it presents a problem worth consideration. "Nyria" will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin on May 9. —Mr. Edward Arnold announces the publication on Wednesday, April 27, of a new novel by Mr. Richard Bagot, entitled "Love's Proxy." —Mr. Edward Arnold will publish on May 2 "The Antipodeans," a new novel by Mayne Lindsay, and "The Reaper," a new novel by Edith Rickert. —The forthcoming number of "Blackwood's Magazine" will contain a sonnet by Mr. William Watson, written on the occasion of his recent visit to Aberdeen, where he received the degree of LL.D.; also an article by Mrs. John Lane entitled "Soft Soap." —A Wagner volume will have a special interest just now in view of the forthcoming special cycles at Covent Garden, Bayreuth and Munich. Messrs. Methuen & Co. are about to publish a new book by Mrs. Leighton Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump, the authors of "The Ring of the Nibelung; an Interpretation." It tells the story of "Parsifal," "Lohengrin" and the Holy Grail, incorporating Wagner's own explanations. It will be followed by two more volumes, the first of which will deal with "Tristan and Isolde," and the second with "Tannhäuser" and "Die Meistersinger," with a chapter on the bards of the Middle Ages. —The agreement with France should make Mr. A. J. Dawson's book, "Things Seen in Morocco," of especial interest just now. The book contains sixteen illustrations

and is issued by Messrs. Methuen.—"The Shrine in the Garden." As many applications are being made for this work, the Orient Press finds it necessary to state that its publication is unavoidably delayed. The book in question, which is a portion of the diary of a person recently deceased, who moved in the highest circles, is being kept back pending a legal decision in regard to certain delicate matters with which it deals.—Mr. Andrew Melrose will shortly publish a new novel by Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe, entitled "Peaceable Fruit." Other books to be published by Mr. Melrose immediately include a theological work, "The Christ from Without and Within," by the Rev. Henry Clark, author of "Meanings and Methods of the Spiritual Life," and a poem entitled "Amor Immortalis," by Basil Winston. The Rev. Alexander Smellie, whose book, "Men of the Covenant," has been a great success, has written a little book of a different kind entitled "Service and Inspiration," to be published by Mr. Melrose immediately.—"Present-Day Japan" is the title of a timely and important book by Miss Augusta M. Campbell Davidson which will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on April 25. The materials for the work were gathered in the course of a lengthy visit to the country during which the author associated chiefly with Japanese, and enjoyed exceptional opportunities of observing present social conditions. The book will be illustrated with a three-colour frontispiece and about sixty-five pictures in black and white.—The minor poets of the Caroline period seem to have been unduly neglected in modern times, and Professor Saintsbury has prepared a list of the most important of these poets whose work has been practically consigned to oblivion, and has arranged for the publication of their chief contributions to the poetry of the First Charles and Second James. The scheme already includes Chamberlayne's "Pharonnida" (1659); Marmion's "Cupid and Psyche" (1637); Bishop Henry King's "Poems" (1657); Benlowe's "Theophila" (1652); T. Stanley's "Poems" (1651); "Aurora" (1657); Patrick Hannay's "Poems" (1622); R. Gomersall's "Poems" (1633); Sidney Godolphin's "Poems" (a. 1643); Kynaston's "Leoline and Sydanis" (1641); T. Beedome's "Poems" (1641); Robert Heath's "Clarastella" (1650); Bishop Joseph Hall's "Poems" (1651); Flecknoe's "Miscellanies" (1653); Flatman's "Poems" (1674); Katherine Philips' "Orinda" (1653); "Poems" (1667); Philip Ayres' "Lyric Poems" (1687); Patrick Carey's "Poems and Triolets" (1651); and John Cleveland's "Poems" (1653). Others may be added. The book, which will contain the necessary introductions and notes to each group of poems, and a general introduction by Professor Saintsbury, will be published at the Clarendon Press in two octavo volumes. The first volume will be ready in the autumn of the present year.—Mr. Heinemann has in preparation a volume on Japan of the present day, written entirely by Japanese authorities, which will be a compilation quite unique and representative in character. For instance, Baron Sannomiya, head of the Imperial Household, will write on the Imperial family; the Marquis Ito on the constitution; Baron Kaneko Kentaro on the Parliamentary life; Marquis Oyama, chief of the general staff, on the army; Admiral Saito, Vice-Minister of Marine, on the navy; Count Okuma on education, and also Miss Shimoda, head of the Peeresses' School, Tokyo, on women's education; M. Sakatani, Vice-Minister of Finance, on finance; M. Yamamoto, governor of the Bank of Japan, on banking; Baron Shibusawa, president of the United Chambers of Commerce, on industries and commerce, &c., &c. And there are besides to be chapters on mining, labour, marine enterprises, railways, post office, police, and the press. The volume will be edited by Mr. Alfred Stead, and be ready in the course of May.—Mr. Heinemann will publish in the autumn the "Memoirs of Madame Sarah Bernhardt," a portion of which is at present appearing in the "Strand Magazine."

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Ryan (The Rev. C. J.), The Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals. Two Vols. (Browne & Nolan) net 12/6
Anderson, K.C.B. (Sir Robert), Pseudo-Criticism (Nisbet) 3/6

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Harman (Edward Geo.), Studies from Attic Drama (Smith, Elder) 5/0
Tolman (Albert H.), The Views about Hamlet and Other Essays. (Houghton, Mifflin) net £1.50
McCall (P. J.), Pulse of the Bards (Cuisle na h-Eigse) (Dublin: Gill)

History and Biography

- Bryden (H. A.), A History of South Africa, 1652-1903 (Sands) 6/0
Vandam (Albert D.), Men and Manners of the Third Republic. (Chapman & Hall) net 12/0
Vacaresco (Hélène), Kings and Queens I have Known (Harpers) 10/6
Sichel (Walter), Beaconsfield (Methuen) 3/6 and 4/0
Richardson (Ernest Cushing) and Morse (Anson Ely), Writings on American History, 1902 (Princeton, N.J.: The Library Book Store)
Andrews (E. Benjamin), The United States in Our Own Time: A History from Reconstruction to Expansion (Chatto & Windus) net 16/0
Riis (Jacob A.), Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen (Hodder & Stoughton) net 7/6
Munster (The Countess of), My Memories (Nash) 12/6
Duff, G.C.S.I. (The Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant), Notes from a Diary, 1892-1895, in Two Vols. (Murray) 18/0
Spencer (Herbert), An Autobiography, in Two Vols. (Williams & Norgate) net 28/0

Art

- The Greyfriar, No. 60 (Godalming, Greyfriar) 1/6
The Artist Engraver, No. 2 (Macmillan) net 7/6

Educational

- Examination Papers, 1903, Royal University of Ireland (Royal University)
Watt, M.A. (A. F.), Bacon's Essays, I.-XX. (Tutorial Press) 1/6

S.P.C.K. Publications

- Tenni, Portions of Common Prayer 3/6
Chiswina, Portions of Common Prayer 1/4
Chiswina, St. Mark's Gospel 0/8
Kikuyu, English-Kikuyu, compiled by A. W. McGregor 2/0
Luganda, Phrases and Idioms, by C. W. Hattersley and H. W. Duta... 0/8
Hausa, Bible Stories 0/8
Ibo, One Hundred Texts taken from the Scriptures 0/1
Shuputhau, "Lumen ad Revelationem Gentium" 0/10
Seohuana, A Concise Instruction on Christian Doctrine and Practice... 0/10
Swahili, Readings Collected from Arabic Stories 0/4

Miscellaneous

- Witchell (Charles A.), Nature's Story of the Year (Unwin) 5/0
Holmes (The Rev. R. S.), with Introduction by the Right Hon. Lord Hawke, The History of Yorkshire County Cricket, 1833-1903 (Constable) net 5/0
Shuddick (R.), How to Arrange with Your Creditors (Unwin) 1/0
Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature (Asher) 3/0
McCarthy (Michael J. F.), Rome in Ireland (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Eaton (Louis C.), American Music (Macmillan) 21/0
Pease (Edward R.), The Case for Municipal Drink (King) net 2/6

Fiction

- "Wee Macgregor Again," by J. J. B. (Richards), net 1/0; "Shining Lights," by Thomas Bedding (Strangeways), net 1/0; "Tommaso's Fortune," by H. Seton Merriman (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Randal of and his Guardian Angel," by Sarah Tytler (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "Randalholme," by Austin Clare (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "The Poet Lance-in-Res," by L. A. Talbot (Harpers), 6/0; "Two Men from Kimberley," by H. Barton Baker (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "The Disappearance of Dick," by W. B. Harris, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. (Blackwood), 5/0; "For Love and Ransom," by Esmé Stuart (Jarrold), 3/6; "Miss Arnott's Marriage," by Richard Marsh (Long), 6/0; "Bata at Twilight," by Helen M. Boulton (Heinemann), 6/0; "The Borderlanders," by Janet Laing (Dent), net 3/6; "The Gift," by Sarah Macnoughtan (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; "The Admirable Tinker," by Edgar Jepson (Nash), 6/0; "The Picaroons," by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin (Chatto & Windus), 3/6.

Reprints and New Editions.

- "The Surrender of Napoleon," by Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland, K.C.B. (Edited, with Memoir, by W. K. Dickson) (Blackwood), 15/0; "Flotsam," by H. Seton Merriman (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Tales of the Wonder Club," Second Series, by M. Y. Halidom (Burleigh), 6/0; "The Lion Hunter in South Africa," by Gordon Cumming (Murray), net 2/6; "His Political Conscience: A Drama in Four Acts," by Ha Rollo (Burleigh), net 2/6; "Beaumont and Fletcher," 2 vols., edited by J. St. Lee Strachey (Mermaid Series) (Unwin), cloth, each net 2/6, leather 3/6; "Evelina," by Fanny Burney (Bell), net 2/0; "Select Poems of James Clarence Mangan" (Dublin: Gill), 0/4; "The Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan (Cassell), net 0/6; "Nebo the Nailer," by S. Baring-Gould (Cassell), 0/6; "In Summer Shade," by Mary E. Mann (Long), 0/6; "The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal" (Temple Classics) (Dent), cloth, net 1/6; "The Spectator in London: Essays by Addison and Steele" (Seeley), net 2/0; "The War in the Crimea," by General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B. (Seeley), 0/6.

Periodicals

- "The Cosmopolitan," "Edinburgh Review," "English Historical Review," "The Russo-Japanese War," Part 3; "Literary News," "Quarterly Review," "Church Quarterly," "The Forum," "The Girl's Realm."

Foreign

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Verhaeren (Emile), Les tendresses premières (Bruxelles: Duman)

Periodicals

- "L'Occident,"

The Art of Portraiture Dante and Goya

A LECTURE BY MRS. CRAIGIE

(John Oliver Hobbes)

ONE of the charms in addressing the Dante Society rests in the fact that it is not necessary to introduce him, or to apologise for his existence, or to assure you that he is well worth reading—if one can snatch a few moments from the masterpieces which are daily published and daily praised—as Dante is not. But this is *not* a Goya Society, and so I shall feel no diffidence in attempting to tell you something of the personality, and the art, of that very great Spanish painter. And, if you will bear with me, I will try to justify the step I have taken in placing his name with Dante's as a supreme master of portraiture. You may wish to know first what I mean by portraiture. Well, broadly, I may describe it as the presentment of character, either by colour and lines, or by words—that is to say, there are portraits in frames, and portraits in books, and portraits in stage plays. The originals of many portraits are well known; others may be guessed; others, again, may be what are called creations of the artist's own imagination. Nevertheless, they are *all* portraits and they are all intended to call up to our mind, or to our remembrance, real men and real women. A portrait, therefore, must be judged by many tests. The critic himself must have, above all things, experience, and insight, and a thorough familiarity with the technique of the actual art under consideration. The "I-like-it," or "I-don't-like-it" method of approaching other men's work may provide readers with amusing occasional articles, but they are not criticism, nor can they ever carry the weight of criticism. We all know that Sainte-Beuve, in France, and Matthew Arnold, in England—to mention two critics with whom other critics have differed, but whose rare gifts have never been questioned—never wrote of any work unless they gave the best they themselves possessed to the task. There is no reason in the world why the critic should always be right. There is equally no reason why he should always be wrong, but that he should be careful and highly trained are qualifications he may not lack.

Goya was born in the middle of the eighteenth century, very nearly five hundred years after Dante. He was the son of a small farmer, and while he was not brought up in poverty, his circumstances were humble. Dante's family—as you all know—was distinguished, rich and important, and, whereas the Florentine first displayed his genius in writing love poems, the Spaniard first attracted attention to his ability by drawing a pig on a wall. This drawing was noticed by a monk, who undertook the boy's education, and it is pleasing to be able to add that he lived to see the triumphs of his *protégé*. But I will not mislead you about the facts of Goya's education; he was wild, he ran about the fields and threw himself with ardour into all the

games and pursuits of Spain. If he had not been a genius there was every outward indication that he was a ne'er-do-well. Yet, while he appeared to be wasting his time and his energy, he was gaining an intimate knowledge of his countrymen and of life as it is lived, he had also that quality which is common to genius of a certain type—he could atone for long periods of dissipation by application of a really prodigious kind. For instance, he taught himself French long before he went to France, and, when he worked, the quickness of his brain could repair the indolence and neglect of years. If he was a wild player, he was a frantic worker, and if he was the central figure of all the fights and all the feasts, he excelled, easily, all his fellow-students in the studio of the old painter under whom he first mastered his craft. At the age of nineteen he went to Madrid and we hear of him displaying his talent for music by wandering through the streets of Madrid at night with a guitar, singing irresistible songs to girls on balconies. And, as often happens, the guitar-playing led to further troubles; he had to fly from Madrid terrified by an order of arrest from the Inquisition. In order to get to Rome he made his way to the centre of Spain—earning his journey money by assisting at bull fights. As one result of his experience in the arena, we have an astonishing series of sketches dealing with bull-fighting, which, in their way, are unsurpassed in power, accuracy and horror. He reached Rome, where he found friends in two other great Spaniards already famous—Rivera and Velasquez. Goya, strangely enough, does not seem to have been influenced by the Italian school of art. He was not a man who owed much to other painters or to their schools. He was not a man to found a school, and just as it would be impossible to imitate *him*, he found it impossible to imitate others. Dante was academic. He took Virgil for his model, he surpassed him, but his mind was ever faithful to classical traditions; Goya, on the other hand, was a philosopher first and an artist afterwards. He learned what he could from every source, but he had neither the technique nor the soul of a born poet. Art for art's sake would have seemed to him absurd, and, indeed, in his time, the question of art for art's sake had not arisen as we understand it now. The Revolution in France and the Inquisition in Spain had produced a type of mind to which such vague impressions as the True and Beautiful, and so forth, would have held neither meaning nor attraction. The truth as Goya saw it about him, so far from being beautiful, was appalling, and, just as Dante—revolted by the iniquities he felt in the political life of his own day—wrote the "Inferno," Goya sketched life as he saw it, with all the fury and passion of a nature which no influence was ever able to soften. At Rome, therefore,

he was untouched by the romance and the relics of the Renaissance, and the old masters. He met the French painter David, and from him he heard of the revolutionary and liberal ideas which appealed strongly to his temperament.

In 1780 Goya returned to Madrid and took up his abode there, after an absence of fifteen years, under the protection of Charles III.—he became a Court painter. This appointment, which has always proved disastrous except to the highest order of intelligence, could not alter the inherent qualities of his mind, and, perhaps because he was a satirist and preserved his independent attitude, he became even more successful as a man than as a painter. He had so much power, so much malignity, his genius was so fertile and his qualities were so brilliant, that, while he made people tremble at the bitterness of his epigrams, the epigrams were nevertheless remembered. Men sought his society, and women of high rank gave his wife much trouble by paying him attention and compliments which she considered uncalled for. The young Duchess of Alba fell so violently in love with Goya that she broke with all her Court associations in order to assert a relationship which was more picturesque than respectable. She was even exiled by the Queen Marie Louise; Goya accompanied her into her retreat, and, what is a marvellous testimony to his powers he brought her back with him and made her peace with the indignant Royal Family. He seems to have possessed—what is called in these days—a temperament. He believed in nothing, he doubted everybody, he had no reverence, and, I should say, very little sympathy; but, with it all, he was much more than a wit. If he were only a satirist, a wit and a libertine, I could not have placed his name, even for this one evening, beside Dante's. It is not for us to say whether he was capable of feeling deeply—that was his own secret, and it died with him—but we can never doubt that he *saw* deeply, and, whether he disguised his vision in mordant irony or in brutal exaggerations, or in crude statements, or in fantasies—which seemed sometimes to border on madness—the *truth* is there, and there is his great link with Dante. He knew men and women, and it has been well said of him that "he was not a Spaniard, he was *the* Spaniard." He was intolerant, fanatical, chivalrous, unequal and, from the English point of view, inconsistent. An unjust man himself, the spectacle of injustice enraged him; a sensitive man himself—as all satirists are—he could apply the red-hot iron to any wound, whether it was his own or his neighbour's. And yet, with it all, he had, we are told, much personal grace and charm. This grace, at the time he was a favourite of the Queen Marie Louise, took artistic form in some decorative work very much in the manner of Watteau and Lancret. There are a series of decorative works in the gallery at Madrid which are wholly delightful. They are so full of movement, so bright, so sunny, so delicate—it is difficult to realise that the hand which drew and coloured these delicious pictures could have given us also that ghastly series known as "The Disasters of War." In a former lecture here I referred to the terrible changes worked by trouble in the mind of Botticelli, and the difference between his early works and his later ones. There is a still greater difference between those pleasing, never artificial compositions of Goya, and the revolting sketches he has left which are also drawn, unmistakably, from facts under his own eyes. Indeed one of his most famous sketches has for its title this saying: "I Have Seen Them." It represents a piteous group of men and women at the point of a dozen

bayonets. I wish the time allowed me to dwell on the many romantic incidents of Goya's career. He died at the advanced age of eighty-five. He knew extremes of poverty and of affluence. He was the Court favourite under three reigns—the reign of Charles III. and Charles IV., he saw the abdication of the latter, and he painted the portrait of his patron's successor Joseph, the brother of the Emperor Napoleon. A man who had lived through such crises, and had been such a close observer of them, had indeed material at his hand for satire. In the celebrated series known as "Caprices," there is not a type of evil, or malice, or weakness of humanity which is not hissed and derided and held up to derision and contempt by Goya. The most flippant study of these works must make the least thoughtful feel that it is almost better for the happiness of the individual not to know too much about the hidden machinery behind those historical events which are described with bald simplicity in the ordinary text books. Goya would not tell pretty lies and he did not see pretty truths. He never modified his view, and as he took a cynical view of humanity he displayed an absolute indifference in following the successful party always. As he held no official rank and no responsibility, he enjoyed all the privileges and escaped all the penalties inseparable from high rank or responsible professions. He attached himself without difficulty to persons of every class, and he placed his artistic skill as much at the service of the usurper of the throne of the Bourbons as he had to the Bourbons themselves. His great aim seems to have been to know, somehow, all that there was to know about humanity. For the rest, he had no scruple. He attempted to describe, in a series of most extraordinary works, history, religion, portraiture and national morals. He had not Dante's religious feeling, and certainly not the inspiration which the great Italian found in that marvellous impulse given by a purely ideal first love. Goya said of himself that he had three masters in his life, Nature, Velasquez and Rembrandt. In Nature he seemed to find, for the most part, ugliness, screams, exasperations, cruelty and warfare. As an eminent French critic has said of him: "He can make you shudder but he cannot make you weep; he can interest you but he cannot get your heart." There is something almost revolting in his very ability to be able to sketch—whether from memory or on the scene—some of his terrible impressions. He did not paint *con amore*, he was never in love with his subject. Even in his famous portraits of the Duchess of Alba there is a cruelty in the unsparing cleverness with which he has presented a being who, we feel somehow, is fascinating on rather a mean scale. Just as Dante lived under the inspiration of a very noble love, Goya worked under the inspiration of a very fashionable one. Beatrice was a lady of noble family and the Duchess of Alba was a lady of noble family, but whereas one was a noble great lady, the other was a noble small lady. They were both considered beautiful and they both died young, but whereas one must have been a woman of singularly tender and profound nature, the other was evidently frivolous, vain, restless and dissatisfied, a true daughter of the eighteenth century, brought up under the influence of Rousseau and Voltaire. And now I have come to the point I wish to bring forward and dwell upon. The genius of Goya was perfectly appropriate to the times in which he lived; he expressed them, and he expressed them with such power that in Spain to-day one still recognises, constantly, Goya faces, Goya attitudes—the world, in fact, which he represented—with amazing brilliancy and

quickness—in his oil paintings and his water-colour sketches. I think every one will agree with me when I say that portraiture—whether in epic, or in drama, or in prose, or in verse, or on canvas—is a way of seeing. When we go to a gallery of old or modern masters and we have any acquaintance with art, we do not require to be told by whom the portraits have been painted. We know a Rembrandt and a Velasquez and a Titian, just as we recognise a Watts, a Frank Holl or a Sargent of the present day. In literature we know the difference between a Shakespeare, a Thackeray, and a Dickens character—a George Eliot character and a George Meredith character. They are all true to the truths of psychology but each master has his own way of seeing and conveying his impressions. Now in the State Gallery of Madrid one may see Goya's portrait of the family of Charles IV. He owed much to that family. They indulged him in every way; they humoured him, they endured all his moods; they permitted him—in a Court still famous for its rigid etiquette—astonishing freedoms. Well, one may imagine many artistic treatments of that family; some of them might have been more flattering to the human race; some might have been more decorative, from the point of view of those who are admirers of the Italian School; but Goya's treatment of the Spanish Royal Family, while it may be what sentimentalists may describe as heartless, is absolutely sincere. Sincerity is, I think, an essential quality in portraiture, and to accuse any painter or literary artist of taking too personal a view, or putting the mark of his own coinage on his own characters, is inadmissible criticism. If one were to follow the new advice given to artists of every kind by some of the newer school of critics, we should have the nose painted by one distinguished gentleman who was a nose specialist, and the ears by some other distinguished gentleman who made a study of ears, and the mouth by another distinguished gentleman who made a special study of the upper lip, and we should get a result after the style of the atrocious domestic property known in America as a *Crazy Quilt*. It is a thing made of patches subscribed by every person who has a cutting to spare. The *Crazy Quilt* is, in fact, a monster; the impersonal work of art is a monster also. Where there is no individuality there is no force—where there is no force there is no truth.

Now if we consider the history of Goya's times, we must admit that no truthful man or woman could call it splendid. It was too violent to be squalid; the lamentation, bloodshed and woe of that period would seem almost incredible to those who live in England to-day; the immorality, the irreligion, the selfishness, the cruelty and the power permitted to those who had either fortune or audacity or rank, or all three, cannot be described by us at this distance; but they were immortally described by Goya.

When Ferdinand VII. was restored to the Spanish throne he allowed Goya to paint his portrait. Goya had been disloyal; he was still full of spite, defiant, impious and reckless. Ferdinand said to him: "You have deserved exile, and you deserve to be hanged, but you are such a great artist that we forget all the rest!"

The Bourbons made mistakes and they were not all good rulers, but they were always aristocrats. Many of

them were weak, many were foolish, many were wicked; they never condescended, however, to vulgar resentment or malice. They did not resent Goya's satire; they realised its sincerity; they recognised its truth. Ferdinand, who knew all that Goya knew of the politics, the society and the tendencies of the period, must have felt that—at a time when all the noblest instincts of humanity were denied and laughed at—it was unjust to look for heroic or even disinterested men. The note of the age was the note of unsparing, pitiless, remorseless egoism. The battle was to the strong; the victory, too, was to the big battalions. The soul was ignored and the will of man was opposed absolutely to the will of the unacknowledged God.

"You are a great artist," said the King, "and we forget all the rest." This was not the triumph of personal charm or magnetism—it was the triumph of a man who, with all his faults, could not be flattered by any amount of success, or money, or popularity, into telling lies or acting them. Here he resembled Dante. Here, too, he resembled Voltaire. Here, too, he resembled every man who ever made any mark on his own or later generations. Let him be mistaken, let him be prejudiced, let him see too much joy, or too much gloom, or too much sorrow, or too little hope, or too little security, so long as he doesn't lie. Had Goya lived in England to-day he would certainly not have shown us women being butchered in the streets, men being dreadfully tortured, or prisoners groaning in chains. The horror is not that he saw them but that there were such sights to be seen. The final comment on his labours may be found in the one calm and consoling phrase he ever published. It is written under a sketch which represents four women sleeping, shut up in a dark attic: "Do not wake them; sleep is often the one good to the sorrowful." The man who wrote that was one who had paid the full price for his knowledge. He must have gone down into the depths and earned the right to speak of suffering in his own terms.

Goya's terms were not Dante's terms, though Dante lashed his own age with the keenest invective ever uttered in literature. Goya's terms were not the terms of Titian, or of Gainsborough, or of Rembrandt, or of Velasquez, or of Shakespeare, or of Goethe, or of Balzac, or of Disraeli, or of Thackeray, or of George Meredith. But he, as they, expresses the moods and the spirit of his own generation; he, wiser than many men of genius, never allowed himself to be tied down to any one set. The whole world was his country, and while he knew Courts, he also knew farmyards, and while he could paint Queens, he could also paint drudges. This is why I call him a supreme master of portraiture—he has not given us a few acquaintances, he has given us a whole people; he has not given us a class—he has given us *civilised* Europe in the eighteenth century. The gift may not be comforting; some of us may yearn for a few touches of false sentiment, a little balderdash, in fact. Balderdash, however, has not vitality. If Goya had given us balderdash we should never have heard of him—and he still lives—not because he was witty, or clever, or wild, or dashing, or agreeable, or was loved by a duchess, but because he was truthful. He painted the truth.

A Few Copies of "The Academy and Literature" of January 16 still remain, containing

Mrs. Craigie's Lecture on "The Comic Note,"

and can be obtained, post free, for 3½d. from the Publisher, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.



(Illustration from "The Henry Irving Shakespeare." The Gresham Publishing Co.)

Itinerary of a Ramble through Shakespeare's London

ROUTE.

British Museum. Exhibition of Shakespeareana.
 St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch.
 Site of The Theatre, Holywell Lane.
 Site of the Curtain Theatre, and the Shakespeare
 Memorial in Church of St. James', Curtain Road.
 St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.
 Crosby Hall.
 Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury. Memorial to
 Shakespeare's first editors.
 The Guildhall.
 St. Saviour's, Southwark.
 Blackfriars.
 Middle Temple Hall.
 Gray's Inn Hall.

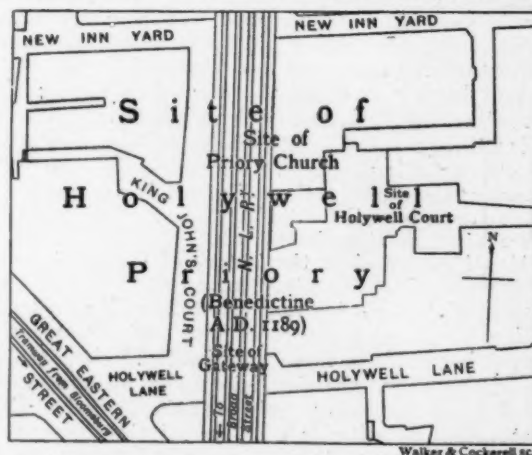
On leaving the British Museum, walk across Bloomsbury Square to the corner of Southampton Row and Theobalds' Road, and take the *blue* tram which passes St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. The present church was built on the site of the old church which stood here when Shakespeare resided in London. Here was buried Richard Tarleton, the famous Elizabethan jester, supposed to have been commemorated by Shakespeare under the name of Yorick, the King's jester, in "Hamlet." James Burbage, the inventor of the playhouse—"the first builder of playhouses," as his surviving family claimed—was here laid to rest in February 1596. His son, the great actor, Richard Burbage, who achieved his fame in the leading characters of Shakespeare's plays, was buried here in March 1619, three years after Shakespeare was laid in the chancel of the church at Stratford-on-Avon.

The entries in the registers relating to the players and their families invariably conclude with "from Halliwell," or "Halliwell Street," meaning the liberty of Holywell, the precinct of the dissolved priory, the name of which survives in Holywell Lane.

On leaving the church, walk about a hundred yards in the direction of Bishopsgate and you will see on the right New Inn Yard and Holywell Lane. Between these lanes, on the further side of the North London Railway, stood the Theatre—the first playhouse ever erected. It was an English invention; playhouses did not exist in any other European country; and the inventor was James Burbage, who, besides his theatre, built houses in the Holywell precinct and lived and died there, and was

buried in the church of St. Leonard you have just left. King John's Court, immediately beyond the railway, runs between these lanes. The site of the Theatre was on the left as you walk through this court from Holywell Lane out into New Inn Yard.

Now continue your way up Holywell Lane, across Great Eastern Street, into Curtain Road, and turn to your left. On the other side of the way is the church of St. James, where the memorial window to celebrate the



tercentenary of Shakespeare's arrival in London was put up over the west door in 1886. This memorial is the gift of Mr. Stanley Cooper, now a member of the Council of the London Shakespeare League. Opposite the church is Hewett Street, formerly Gloucester Street, and before that Curtain Court. This marks the site of the Curtain Theatre, where "Romeo and Juliet" was first produced in 1596, and proved to the Elizabethan playgoers that a greater than Marlowe had come to bring poetry upon the stage.

Great Eastern Street leads into High Street, Shoreditch. Turn to the right and walk (or take an omnibus) to Bishopsgate, the next Shakespearean quarter. Stop at St. Helen's, on your left. There is St. Helen's Place, Great St. Helen's and Great St. Helen's Place where the church stands. These names merely mark divisions of

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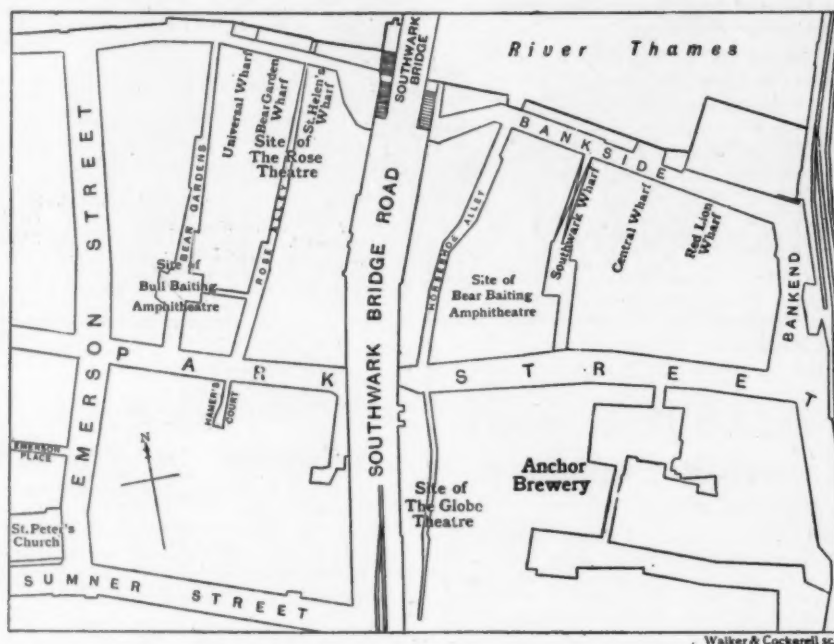
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the original precinct of the Priory of the Nuns of St. Helen's. The church is one of the few which escaped destruction in the Great Fire. It is extremely probable that Shakespeare himself worshipped here, because he resided in the parish, and most likely in the precinct. There is documentary evidence that he lived here in

as having performed in Shakespeare's plays. Here was buried, in 1607, the poet's youngest brother, Edmund Shakespeare, described in the register as "a player." Laurence Fletcher, one of Shakespeare's fellows in the Chamberlain's company of players, was buried in the church in the following year. There is every degree of



1598; how long before that date we do not know. In coming hither from Shoreditch you have traversed the way between Shakespeare's residence and those of his friends and associates in Holywell, and the theatres in which they were mutually interested.

Crosby Hall adjoins St. Helen's. It figures in Shakespeare's play of "Richard the Third." To-day you can take your lunch in Crosby Hall, now a comfortable restaurant. You now proceed by Threadneedle Street, past the Royal Exchange (an Elizabethan institution), down Princes' Street, into Gresham Street on your left (the street derives its name from the college established here by Shakespeare's contemporary, London's merchant prince). On your right is the Guildhall, where the deed of Shakespeare's property in Blackfriars is preserved. A little farther, on your right, is Aldermanbury. Almost from the corner you can see the memorial to the editors of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, surmounted by a bust of the poet, standing in the churchyard of St. Mary's. Heminge and Condell merit our gratitude. But for them probably the world would have been the poorer by more than half of the plays. Particulars concerning the memorial will be found engraven on the sides of the pedestal.

Now, the next point is London Bridge, for St. Saviour's and the Bankside. If you retrace your steps and turn down King Street opposite the Guildhall you come to Cheapside, where you can take an omnibus to your destination. At the end of King William Street you will see, facing towards London Bridge, the statue of William the Fourth. This marks the site of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Then across the bridge we come to St. Saviour's Church.

In the token books of this church are the names of some sixteen of the actors enumerated in the first folio

probability that on both occasions Shakespeare was present. If we are fortunate we may be privileged to see the registers containing these entries. But we must not linger. We have now to explore Bankside.

Next to the church, westward, stood Winchester House, the palace of the Bishops of Winchester. Sir Walter Besant remarks in his "South London": "If I am taken to a slum—such a slum as that on the west of St. Mary Overies [the old name for St. Saviour's] and am told that in this place was Winchester House, I am at once interested." The Borough market covers the garden of Winchester House, the warehouses between it and the river cover the site of the palace. At the end of Stoney Street is an arch with ancient stonework among the brick, probably the riverside entrance of the palace. Going through the market we come into Stoney Street (the pilgrim may go and inspect that arch, but the way is undoubtedly slummy) and Park Street is opposite. This will conduct us to Bankside.

Park Street and Bankside run parallel westward from Bank End. Turn into Park Street: Horse-shoe Alley just this side of Southwark Bridge is in a line with the site of the Globe Theatre. Just beyond the bridge you will see Rose Alley, with a tablet in the wall defining the estate on which Henslowe built his Rose Theatre, the precursor of the Globe on Bankside. A few steps beyond is another alley called Bear Gardens; here was the Bear Garden, near to which Shakespeare resided after he left St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. A little further is Emerson Street. This will lead you to Bankside; turn to your left. Notice the fine view of St. Paul's across the river and the barges with their brown sails. On your left as you go you find a series of alleys. Of these Cardinal Cap Alley and Pike Gardens commemorate the Bankside of Elizabethan times. There was an inn called the

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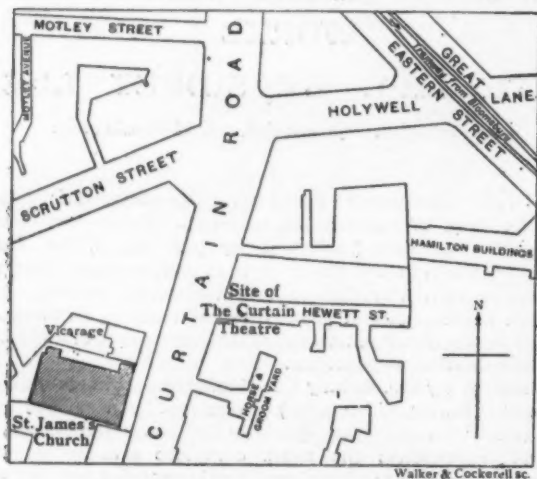
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Cardinal Cap where the players resorted. The ponds where the pike were kept, as well as the surrounding garden, are delineated in maps made in 1572 and 1593.

At the end of Bankside you come to Holland Street, which means that you have passed beyond the limit of the liberty in which the playhouses were erected. You are now on the site of Paris Garden; the name Holland comes from the occupant of the Manor House of Paris Garden in the reign of Charles I. In Paris Garden stood the Swan Theatre, built before 1596. On your right you will see Falcon Dock. This commemorates the Falcon Inn, a famous resort of Elizabethan gallants, players and playgoers. Holland Street runs on either side Epps' cocoa works; follow the bend towards the railway bridge. As you go you will be charmed by the aspect of Hopton's almshouses on your left, built around an open space of green sward and trees. Turn to the right up Southwark Street into Blackfriars Bridge Road.

Over the bridge to Blackfriars is the next stage. Here, beyond St. Paul's Station, see Puddle Dock.



Across Queen Victoria Street is St. Andrew's Hill. Shakespeare's Blackfriars house stood nearly at the top of the hill at the corner of Ireland Yard. Walk through Ireland Yard and you come to Playhouse Yard at the back of "The Times" office: this indicates the position of the Blackfriars Theatre, where Shakespeare performed in the later years of his London career. If there is time you can go into Carter Lane, by Church Entry, and turn to your right. You will presently come to Bell Yard, where stood the Bell, from which the only extant letter to Shakespeare was addressed. A tablet in the wall commemorates the fact.

From Blackfriars you can reach the Temple by Tudor Street, or you can walk along the Embankment. In Middle Temple Hall, on February 2, 1602, Shakespeare's play of "Twelfth Night" was performed, the poet-player-dramatist himself probably sustaining a part. From the Temple, proceed up Chancery Lane to Gray's Inn. On your way you will pass the gateway of Lincoln's Inn, which has stood there since 1518. Southampton Buildings on your right commemorates the residence of the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron and—can we doubt it?—his friend.

Gray's Inn is emphatically a Shakespeare quarter. Here in the Hall, which still stands practically unchanged, the "Comedy of Errors" was produced in 1594 by the players with whom Shakespeare was asso-

ciated. In the garden the catalpa tree planted by Francis Bacon, who was a denizen of the Inn many years, is still alive—a really living link between us and the London of "the spacious days of Great Elizabeth." An illustration of this tree appears on another page.

T. FAIRMAN ORDISH.

[The plans in this article are taken from "Shakespeare's London." (Dent)]

Egomet

TO-DAY it is almost impossible to see Shakespeare by reason of his commentators, who with their elucidations too often obscure the light. Take "Hamlet" for example; what can be more clear than that Shakespeare took, as we know he did in so many other cases, a blood-and-thunder drama, not troubling himself with the workings of the plot, which had already pleased the popular taste, but rewriting the speeches, pouring into them all that wonderful poetry which welled up so bountifully to his pen's point? Then come the commentators, critics and criticasters, asking us to study the psychology of "Hamlet" and to work out the salvation of the play by joining up all the loose ends into a weavement which would astound and amuse the innocent author. Can you not hear, at your elbow, a ghostly chuckle as you pore over the pages of notes and introduction to the play you are reading? Shakespeare was fond of a jest, and what jest so full of mirth to him as this endeavour of us moderns to make out that he was a poet-god who could do no wrong?

ALL that commentators can usefully do for us is to throw light upon words and phrases which have grown obscure owing to the mutations of our language and to work out for us the conditions under which the plays were written and produced. For myself I have often regretted that I did not live in the London of Elizabeth; it was a town of many inconveniences and of much brutality. But it was small enough to be an entity; it was a country town, you could see the country side from any house-top. It was a living town; this London of to-day is merely a town to live in. How I should have delighted to take boat to the Surrey side, to wander there across the fields and marshes. Then when the trumpets sounded I would squeeze into the crowded theatre and sit me down to listen to Master William and his fellows bravely speaking their piece.

It is only by soaking my mind in the Elizabethan spirit that I can grow intimate with the plays of Shakespeare and his fellows. Only a thorough knowledge of the places he frequented, the manner of men and women with whom he consorted, the habits and customs of his day, the life and the bustle of those stirring times, can enable a reader or a spectator to realise at what Shakespeare was aiming in his comedies and tragedies. For I never can forget that as dramatist Shakespeare was first an actor, therefore an expert in the traffic of the stage; second, a theatrical manager, one too shrewd to let his poetic instinct come in between him and his profits; third, a great master of prose and verse. The play was the thing with him, he desired a living body, suitably equipped with flesh, blood and bones; this body he procured from any convenient sources, from plays, histories, novels, stories told to him of a night at the Mermaid or the Boar's Head, and he decked it in the gorgeous conceits of his inexhaustible treasury of poetry and prose.

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that what oft was thought had ne'er been so well expressed as by him? He was a man full of life and energy, therefore a man who could sympathise with, understand and—being a poet—express the emotions of

bridge, and there before one stood the so-called Hamlet's Grave. There could be no mistake about it, for on a cairn of stones, old bricks and garden litter was a yellow painted inscription: "Hamlets Grave."



FRANCIS BACON'S TREE IN GRAY'S INN GARDENS

[Photo. Booter & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

mankind and of womankind. He did not live in a world apart, a world of his own imagining, as too many of our poets have done, he led a busy, probably an adventurous existence; nor was the stage of his day hidebound with tradition, he was free to say his say in his own way, and with such audiences as his he dared to handle outspokenly the naked feelings of humanity.

Yes, please let me read my Shakespeare unhampered by "full notes"; let me sit down by my fireside or beneath a tree, let me close my eyes for one minute or for two, calling up a mental picture of the Globe Theatre upon Bankside, of the hot, noisy, crowded auditorium and of the sunshiny sky above; then let me read and as I read picture the performance of my Shakespeare's play, all compact of energy, action, life.

E. G. O.

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THE air bit shrewdly. It was very cold. Rain clouds swept up the Sound, hiding Kronborg Castle and then the Swedish coast. From Helsingör station, an hour from Copenhagen, the road ran through the little town of Elsinore over rough cobble stones to a stone portalled gate and an ill-kept park. Up a sodden pathway, across a little wooden

Round about stands a fine grove of birch trees, damp and lank in the cold grey mist, the cairn is circled by a low iron railing, and we are standing on the ruins, now barely distinguishable and all grass overgrown, of Hamlet's Castle of Elsinore. Opposite if one could penetrate the sea fog is Sweden, below lies the Sound, here and there are crags and masses of rock, and an old old wall, lichen-strewn, marks the limits of the old keep.

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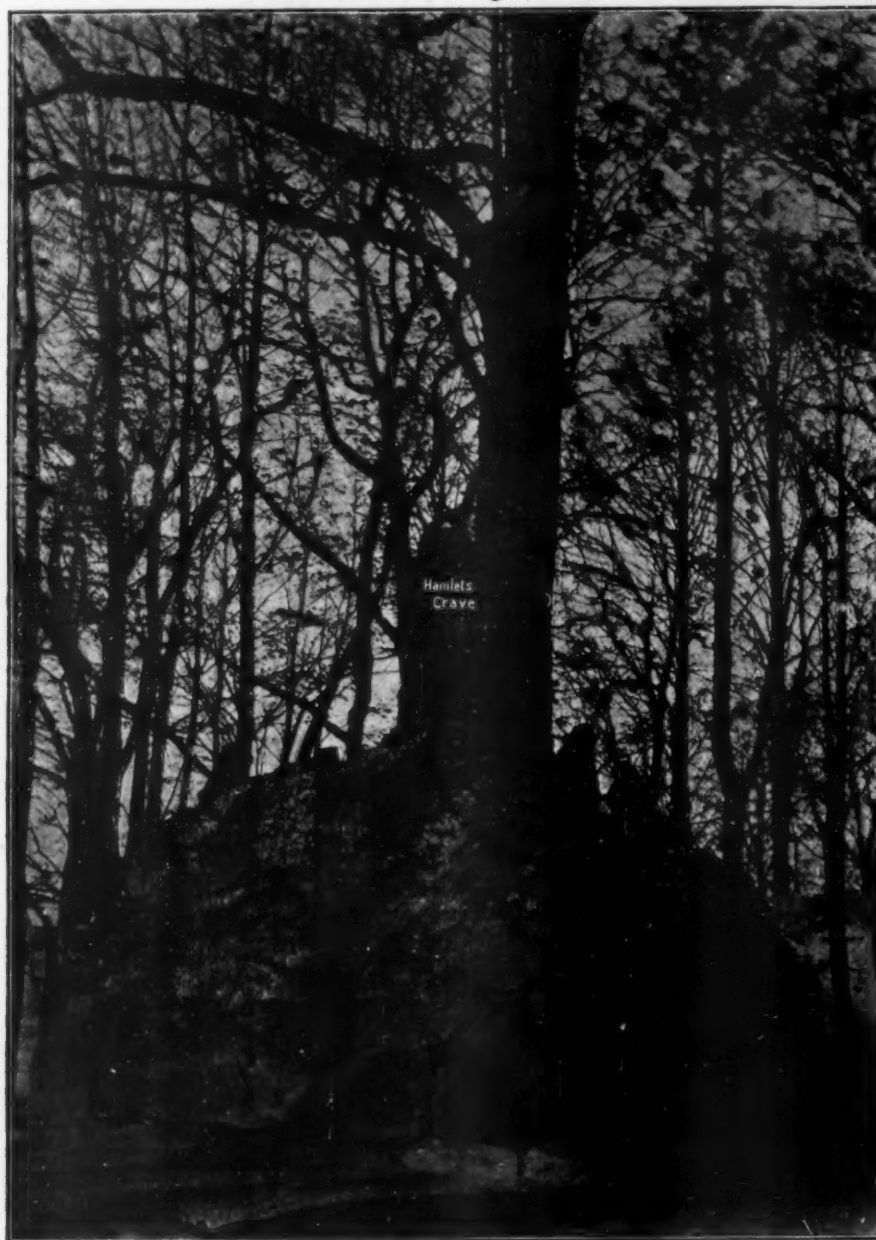
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of half a dozen silent pools for Ophelia, "the dreadful summit of the cliff, that beetles o'er his base into the sea," even a practicable churchyard can easily be found. Indeed, for all that is known to the contrary, it may already have been done.

about or a shooting gallery. 'Tis true, 'tis pity. Pity 'tis, 'tis true.

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Was Shakespeare a Better Playwright than Poet?

[A hitherto unpublished speech by G. B. S., opening a discussion on the above question at the Friars' Club. Printed without permission.]

WHETHER Shakespeare were a better playwright than poet is the subject set for discussion to-night. It is not so commonly known as it should be that this English tongue of ours has at any rate one delightful characteristic, namely that in it it is quite impossible to express oneself with any great degree of exactness. So many words, so much to say; so many words with not only various shades but with actual varieties of meanings. I mistrust the critic who calls upon the writer to express his meaning in two or three words and not in two or three paragraphs; in fact, I mistrust all critics, save one. I mistrust also the writer who attempts this foolish task, foolish in that at so much per thousand words three paragraphs are better than three lines or three words, foolish in that it is impossible to express an idea clearly and concisely in English—at least I find it so. Blessed are the uses of ambiguity, and in no tongue better than in English can a writer or a speaker be more distinctly ambiguous. How useful to the statesman, to the local politician, to the philosopher and to the man of science is this characteristic of the English speech! Yet sometimes how incommodious! Take, for example, this question selected by me for discussion by you; what does it mean? I do not know, nor do you, though you try to look as if you did. Shakespeare? What does that word mean? Does it mean Shakespeare, or Bacon, or Sidney, or Spenser, or Marlowe, or Bunyan, or Swift, or Johnson, or Thomas Moore, or George Moore, or Frankfort Moore, or myself? I do not know, nor do you. Let us amend that word, or rather add, in brackets, "Whoever he may have been." The word "better" I will reserve for later consideration. What do we mean by the word "playwright"? A dramatist, a writer of plays? Yes, but what do those words mean? By playwright I mean, and I know what I am talking about, a practical writer of practical plays. So now our sentence runs, "Was Shakespeare (whoever he may have been) a Better Playwright (or practical writer of practical plays) than Poet?" Now what do we mean by a poet? Being diffident of expressing a decided opinion of my own on any subject, I looked up the word poet in a dictionary which I will not name. I learnt that "a poet is one who writes poetry." (Laughter.) I did not look up poetry, for I felt certain that I should find poetry defined as "the writings of poets," which would be inaccurate, for many poets write prose, unwittingly. So, putting diffidence aside with an effort, I submit this definition of a poet, he is "a man—or woman—who prefers to write verse as an easier medium than prose in which to work." Once or twice when hurried I have written verse myself; as verses go, they were good. Now let us look our question in the face, "Was Shakespeare (whoever he may have been) a Better Playwright (or practical writer of practical plays) than Poet (i.e. a man who preferred to write verse as an easier medium than prose in which to work)?" Better—our only remaining dubious word. What do I mean by better—what do we all mean by better? Why, simply more successful. What do we all mean by a successful man? Why, the earner or the receiver—often a very

different matter, but I have no time to-night to discuss unearned increment and the taxation of land values—the earner or receiver of a fine income. Shakespeare earned nothing but admiration and envy by his poems; he earned a fortune by his plays. The question is answered.

[Edited and passed for press by W. T. S.]

Science

Causation and Shakespeare

MORE fundamental than the belief in the Unity of the Cosmos, or in the Conservation of Energy, is the scientific avowal that *causation is universal*. In other words, the first article of faith in the creed of science is the "law of continuity." We believe that throughout eternity there is eternal causation, immitigable consequence: that nothing is uncaused or "self-caused"; that there are no breaks; that *Natura non facit saltum*; that there is neither chance, caprice nor contradiction in the Cosmos. We believe this though it is obviously incapable of proof in the strict sense, and we are daily including within causation that which has formerly boasted of its independence. It is only because meteorology is backward that the prayer-book still contains a petition for fine weather. When we know a little more about atmospheric electricity, solar prominences and the like, that petition will have to be deleted for very shame. Similarly with more recondite matters: "free will" once defied us. Nowadays it can easily be proved to be a "pseudo-idea," not really even thinkable. But we are not yet out of the wood, be assured.

Some people still believe—and the greatest of living scientists is of their number—that the origin of life necessitated a break in the law of continuity. But Lord Kelvin is not a biologist, and he cannot find leading biologists to support him. The distinction between living and not living has all but broken down. You cannot establish an absolute distinction. "Life is self-movement," said Thomas Aquinas; but radium was not known in his day. Then some confused thinkers have argued that the coming of *consciousness* cannot be explained by causation, not realising that all our knowledge, the concept of causation included, is confined to the contents of our own consciousness.

If you ask me, I would say that the law of continuity will have been established everywhere else ere it can ride cock-a-whoop over Shakespeare, whom we take as a type of genius. With the introduction of that word we must cry a halt for definitions.

Our excellent friends, the modern psychologists, who owe their existence to Spencer, but have "quite superseded him," tell us that genius is merely a possession in exceptional degree of the power of associating ideas; and any fancy that there is no more to say. Now, there is an obvious half-truth here. Intelligence, intellect of sorts, and certain types of genius may indeed be thus explained. Mathematical genius, for example. If we attempt roughly to classify genius as *philosophical* (including scientific) and *aesthetic or creative*, then we may say that the first class of genius, as long as it possess no tincture of the second, is not any serious difficulty to the law of Universal Causation. We can explain it by the law of association of ideas, by comparison with mere talent, such as most of us possess a

quantum of, and we find no serious difficulty. As a matter of fact—though narrow men will deny it—philosophic genius in its highest form is never met without some infusion of the *creative imagination*. The conception of universal gravitation, though it did correspond with objective truth, was a creative effort of Newton's mind. The Synthetic Philosophy, as even Dr. Fairbairn admits, could not have been conceived without the creative effort of a rare and noble imagination.

But it is in the purely creative or æsthetic genius that we see most clearly the strength of the last stronghold to bow to the Law of Continuity. And even here we may choose. The poet and the musician, as I see it, are more sheerly creative than their fellows. The law of association of ideas really throws no light that I can see on the C minor symphony. Of your Shakespeare or Beethoven I would say that they brought a new thing into the Cosmos, did I not know that without antiquity we could not have had Shakespeare, and without Bach we could not have had Beethoven. Causation we can trace in part, even in the case of these consummate artists. We can also study their parentage and environment, and say foolish things about this strain of blood giving the genius his insight and that his love of form; or this type of landscape giving him his feeling for Nature, and so forth. It is a curious fact that literary men, with an unconscious recognition of the law of continuity, are constantly attempting to give scientific explanations of the traits of genius, whilst scientific men themselves will shrug their shoulders and merely assent to the indisputable truth that a poet is born, not made. That is almost all we know about it. At some happy commingling of parental elements we can faintly guess, but that is practically all.

And if I may venture to judge the oft-quoted definition of Carlyle, that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains," I would say that *that* would indeed be no difficulty to the Law of Continuity; but it is obvious nonsense.

Somehow, remembering that mind and matter, as Spencer taught, are but different aspects of the Unknowable, I am inclined to prefer, in a modern interpretation, another definition also of Carlyle's, which I have never seen quoted yet, and which seems to me to be one of the truest and most sublime things he ever said, that "genius is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Dramatic Notes

THE *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is, if taken seriously, almost if not quite the least delightful of Shakespeare's comedies; but it should not be so taken, it is a fantasy, a fairy tale—"Once upon a time there were two young gentlemen of Verona," and so on; it is all very joyous, very bright, a frolic of lads and lasses, who upon occasion shed a tear, but we know that their hearts are never really sad. A very pleasant performance of this comedy is now being given at the Court Theatre by Mr. J. H. Leigh's company; the setting is adequate, more often than not it is beautiful and the acting on the whole very good. The ladies carry off the chief honours.

As Julia Miss Thirza Norman looks well and acts well, if I would hint a matter for amendment it would be that this young actress should beware of being over-deliberate; it is right, as so few performers remember, to think as well as speak, but Miss Norman thinks just a shade

too long, with the result that her speeches sometimes lack that joyous spontaneity so desirable in comedy. Miss Norman, in fact, sometimes shows that she is acting at being full of jollity, and therefore her joyousness is not contagious. I do not recall having seen Miss Ellen O'Malley before, but I hope often to watch her acting



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in the future, for she has indeed a very pretty gift of comedy and a charming presence; her mirth appears unforced, and at the same time she has lurking somewhere in her voice a suggestion of tears, and in all great comedy there is a hint of tears somewhere. It is this hint in Irish humour that makes it so compelling. Of the gentlemen of Milan, Mantua and Verona, I liked best the clowns; to act altogether ineffectively one of Shakespeare's clowns is, I imagine, an impossible task, but to overact them is easy. Both Mr. A. G. Poulton as Launce and Mr. Granville Barker as Speed steered a middle course, making all possible fun out of the delivery of their quips and cranks and quiddities, and not overdoing their antics and comic business. The name of Launce's dog was not given on the programme, but he is a quiet comedian of much self-contained humour. Neither of the *Two Gentlemen* was quite good, they were too deliberate, too much overcame it seemed to me with the responsibility of delivering blank verse; let them be a little more youthful and free and easy. Mr. J. H. Leigh was scarcely genial enough as the Duke of Milan. In fact, the one thing wanting

to make this performance of the play well-nigh as good as could be, is a touch of youthfulness and jollity, it is at present a trifle too sedate and slow.

THE Mermaid Society is doing for our dramatic classics much the same work as that done for later dramatists by the Stage Society. "The Way of the World" reads so admirably that I almost expected to find that it would act badly and that therein lay the cause of its failure when first produced. But Congreve knew better and his comedy affords wonderful entertainment, if little edification. But then a comedy has only one aim—to entertain, and Lamb was nearly, if not absolutely, right in his view of our old comedies. The characters in the written page do not stand out very distinct, but on the boards they gain life and substance and receive at the hands of the Mermaid players very fair, if not entirely satisfactory, treatment. The general fault in the acting was heaviness, there was little of that lightness, airiness, grace, debonairness necessary for the playing of Restoration comedy. The gallants and fine ladies of the stage in those days were not serious human beings, but ideals, dreams—and the breath of human nature crumbles them to dust. Several of the players, however, achieved almost complete success; thus Miss Ethel Irving wanted but a soupçon of dignity to complete her impersonation of delightful Mrs. Millamant; Mr. Frank Lascelles lacked but a touch of airy insouciance in his villainy to have made his impersonation of the rascally Fainall perfect. As Mirabell, Mr. C. M. Hallard was far too serious and Mr. Ian Maclaren made a bore of Petulant. Three quite delightful performances there were: Mr. Lennox Pawle gave us a perfect picture of the Squire-Western Sir Wilfull Witwoud, the lumbering country squire, full of strange oaths and broad talk; Mr. Nigel Playfair was admirably silly as Witwoud, who, despite his want of wit, is so often witty, and Mrs. Theodore Wright came triumphantly through with the difficult character of the scolding, shrewish, fleshly Lady Wishfort; she made of her a magnificent picture of an elderly she-fool.

As for the dialogue, we were not permitted to hear all of it, for our modern players count not clearness of speech among the necessary accomplishments of an actor; but what we did hear came to us like sparkles and flashes from diamonds. What a feast of wit! Acted with more grace, more vivacity, less earnestness "The Way of the World" would draw audiences for many a long day. Mr. Cyril Maude is fond of reviving old comedies, let him look to this one and play Sir Wilfull for us.

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY," by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce, is not, as described by the authors, "an irresponsible comedy," though I am not quite certain what that may be, but a bright, amusing farce. Why not call a farce a farce? To have written a good farce is not a matter of which to be ashamed. As for the plot—well, it is farcical, its situations and its characters are entertaining; the dialogue is fresh and funny; the one fault is that though the characters are entertaining they are not as broadly drawn as they should be in farce and they show little of that observation of human nature expected from the authors of "Op o' My Thumb." Mr. George Alexander is what of old was called a "walking gentleman," and he walks very well; Mrs. Wendover, Angela (played by Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson),

Probyn Dyke and others are mere shadows, while Lady Diana Porchester is a dull caricature. But why break a butterfly upon the critical wheel? The piece made me laugh consumedly, and, oh, in these serious days, that is much for which to be thankful.

JUDGING from the enthusiastic reception of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" on Saturday last at the Imperial Theatre, the fare provided was entirely to the taste of the audience. There were no booings from the gallery—it was indeed what Mr. Waller himself called "a splendid reception." If this romantic comedy be not strong meat, it is fairly robust and leaves nothing but a pleasant taste in the mouth. The action is stirring and has a fine flavour of war, the dialogue if not witty is bright and amusing, the setting is harmonious and sufficiently indicative of the period—the American War of Independence, in the late autumn of 1778. The heroine is a high-spirited wilful young girl, betrothed in order to please her family to an officer of the King. But she never marries him, for her heart is taken captive by her own prisoner, one of Washington's officers, who is brought wounded to her house.

THE first act is by far the best, in fact the first act is a very good act indeed. It is natural and unforced, giving the audience a clear and concise hold on the situation without any unnecessary details or circumlocution. But the second act is a distinct drop from the level of the first; it introduces a note of artificiality which is present throughout the rest of the play. But then it is a romantic comedy, and the usual interpretation of romantic comedy is a bundle of devices and a bag of well-worn tricks. As regards the acting, the surprise of the evening was Miss Grace Lane's charming and really fine acting as Miss Elizabeth Philipse. Miss Lane has never done anything quite so good before, in fact a lack of distinction and authority has always been laid to her charge. This charge was certainly unanimously gainsaid last Saturday, when she delighted the whole house. Mr. Lewis Waller was, as always, a fine figure of a soldier, and looked interesting enough in his bandages to win even the capricious Miss Elizabeth. We think, however, that his rather difficult piece of acting in the second act would gain considerably if played in a less farcical manner—that is, more in the manner of light comedy. Also in the last act is not the element of tragedy a little out of place? Mr. Lyall Swete, who in collaboration with Mr. Robert Stephens has written this play, took the part of an eccentric old man admirably, while Miss Lottie Venne was very amusing in the part of Mistress Sarah Williams. We wish "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" a long and a merry life.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD has very kindly promised to emerge from her retirement for the purpose of reading Volumnia in the British Empire Shakespeare Society's Reading of "Coriolanus" on Friday, May 20, at 2.30 P.M. Mr. J. H. Leigh is to be the Coriolanus, and he has placed the Court Theatre at the disposal of the Society for the occasion. The reading is to be given under the direction of Mr. Lyall Swete, who will read Menenius, and the cast will include Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay and Mr. H. R. Hignett. Strangers' tickets for this reading and all particulars regarding the Society can be had from the hon. secretary, 17 Southwell Gardens, S.W.

MR. LEIGH promises a revival of "Timon of Athens" for May 14.

MR. CHARLES CHARRINGTON and Mrs. Charrington (Janet Achurch) are about to take a company on tour in the provinces. They open on the 25th instant at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, playing "The Lady from the Sea," "A Doll's House," and a comedy from the pen of a new writer, "The Hearts," by John Bohun. Afterwards they will visit The Lyceum, Edinburgh, The Royal, Glasgow, and the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham, but on these occasions "A Doll's House" only will be performed according to present arrangements.

FALSTAFF. *Pièce en Vers en Cinq Actes et Sept Tableaux.* Imitée de Shakespeare. Par Jacques Richepin. (Fasquelle.) Jacques Richepin, who is a son of the celebrated novelist and dramatist Jean Richepin, has taken the first and second parts of "Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and mingled their episodes in somewhat incoherent fashion. He gives, for instance, the scene of Falstaff and his recruits, Falstaff's account of the highway robbery, in which episode Page and Ford—the name of the latter being for no reason that we can see changed to Gué—are those primarily robbed as they leave Windsor for London for the purpose of buying Anne Page's trousseau; she is engaged to Slender against her will. He gives us also an orgy at the Boar's Head, the linen-basket scene, the scene where Prince Hal puts on his dying father's crown and that of the revels at Herne's oak. But French Alexandrine verse is scarcely suited to the humour of Falstaff, indeed in the process of translation and adaptation the humour has more or less evaporated, and did we not know Falstaff in the original we should wonder wherein his reputation for humour lay. To represent Fenton as Prince Hal in disguise, to permit him to abduct Anne Page and to make love to her in a drunken bout that gradually melts into a scene of maudlin sentimentality, is surely a desecration of the methods of the master hand that created Falstaff, the most humorous figure in English literature. It was a great Frenchman, Alexandre Dumas père, who said that "after God, Shakespeare had created most." It would be well if French authors who desire to introduce the great English dramatist to the French theatre-going public bore those words of their great *confrère* in mind.

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Art Notes

IFANCY that nobody but a critic realises how much effort is being wasted in the vague desire to achieve works of art in a hundred studios to-day; but the critic has to realise it—and the effect of pictures upon the mind is, at the end of a long day of gazing and exhibition-trudging, very often most depressing. To enter Mr. John Baillie's galleries and find oneself in the presence of the work of a pure poet in colour, such as is Mr. Cayley Robinson, is like walking into the Spring out of the murk of Winter. Emotions that ninety-nine men out of a hundred would make vulgar and commonplace become transmuted through this man's vision, with the aid of a very beautiful craftsmanship, into most haunting and exquisite sensations. His colour sense is rich and rare, and one cannot help but wonder what an enhancement his colour gift would have been to the art of Burne-Jones. His paintings glow and gleam; and his colour is the music to a large and masterly sense of composition and arrangement—a sense that gives dignity and the grand manner to the smallest pictures he creates. There is in his art that mystic beauty of expression that gives to Maeterlinck's prose its dignity, its vastness and its thrill. His painting of children and of motherhood has an exquisitely chaste quality that is purer and sweeter and yet more full of the pulse of life than that of the art of any man I know, whether that man came out of mediæval Italy or the modern world. Indeed, I know no poet in colour who interprets to us this sweetness of young womanhood and its supreme beauty of chastity as does Cayley Robinson.

And to be supreme in the artistic utterance of any human attribute is to reach towards high achievement. But whether this artist paint the tender moods of "The Depth of Winter" or "The Foundling"; whether he give us the lyrical haunting suggestion of the boat with its guiding lamp that sails on life's adventure to "Pastures New," or whether he give us the grim fantasy of the bottom of the sea, he transfers to us the emotion of the thing seen with a force that is as powerful as it is disciplined, and as perfect as it is restrained.

MR. BAILLIE promises us an early exhibition of another of the younger men of genius, S. H. Sime.

THE New Gallery suffers a little, as it was bound to suffer, from contrast with the show of the "International," which lately held these walls. But it is in many ways a good exhibition. The New Gallery, or the Academy, may usually be said to make or strengthen some particular man's reputation with the public; and this year the dominant accomplishment is certain to be recognised as being that of the brilliant and masterly painter, George Henry. His large canvas of the girl in the full skirts, who sits gazing languidly at the "Poinsettia," is the most remarkable achievement amongst the younger men; and the older men who do not drop far below their fame, only maintain their old position—of these that marvellous veteran Mr. G. F. Watts is beyond criticism in his whirling flight of nude children that he calls "A Fugue." Mr. George Henry sends also the second most brilliant portrait in this show—his simply treated, richly coloured, perfectly restrained portrait of a handsome woman, "Miss Idonia la Primaudaye." A portrait that will attract much attention is the "Marie Tempest" of the French painter, Blanche—for all the playgoing world has a tender corner in its heart for this charming comedy actress; and, though the artist has made the flesh tints fiery and a little leathery, the likeness and the vivacity are superb. The Frenchman, however, gives us a finer colour scheme in a remarkably telling portrait of a lady—"Madame Jacques Baugnies"—that is likely greatly to enhance his reputation in London. Mr. John Sargent, the master of the portrait to-day, is not at his best in either of his canvases at the New Gallery this year, both being vitiated by too great a pink-and-whiteness that gives a weakness and a thin look to his splendid brushing and vigorous handling. Mr. Brough considerably enhances his reputation with his very strong portrait of "Mrs. Paley"; and Mr. Harris Brown makes one of the hits of the year with his telling picture of "William Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland," a very fine piece of character-drawing, recorded with great restraint. In landscape, Mr. North sends one of the best works he has given us for many a long day, and Mr. Alfred East shows characteristically good works; whilst Mr. Harold Speed's beautiful moonlight piece is one of the most atmospheric and luminous paintings in the galleries. Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Gotch, Mr. Adrian Stokes and Mr. Alfred Parsons are well represented in the room where the great veteran Mr. Watts dominates them all with his child eagerly walking out of the deep mystic ocean with arms outstretched towards the mysterious wayfaring of life. Mr. Lavery and Mr. Austen Brown send good work, whilst Mrs. Swynnerton shows that the daring methods she employs to give the brilliant qualities of her strident imagination fail when applied to portraiture—but the failure is the artistic fall of a very brilliant personality.

OF the one-man shows that I have seen in Bond Street the last few weeks, I think that Mr. Shoosmith's dramatic water-colours of old towns have impressed me most. I never remember seeing a picture by this man before, and it was a welcome surprise to wander amongst these largely conceived and beautifully rendered water-colours. There is a large dramatic sense intensified by a charm of colour and a broad use of the brush that recalls the glories of the great English school. "In the shadow of the Tower of St. Nicholas, La Rochelle" is a very beautiful thing; and over and over again we get this brightly lighted mid-distance enhanced by the dark and resonant glories of the foreground buildings. I will not become tedious with the list of beautiful things I longed to possess out of this little gallery; but the day will come when Mr. Shoosmith's name will fetch higher prices than the modest sums that are affixed to these remarkably fine water-colours.

THE Leicester Galleries have on view at present two interesting shows—a collection of old prints, and a number of drawings by Burne-Jones. One of the most beautiful of these drawings is issued, much reduced in size, as the invitation card to the Private View, and a very exquisite thing it is. Yet, I doubt whether Burne-Jones was, as Mr. Sidney Colvin says in his preface to the catalogue, "the most poetical painter of our time." That statement would depend on the meaning of the word "poet." If by poet Mr. Colvin means one who writes verses, then perhaps Burne-Jones was to painting what a verse-writer is to letters, a poetical painter. But by poetry I should mean in letters exactly the same thing as by art I should mean in painting—the power of transferring emotion. And as such I should consider prose as poetic as means as verse. The Bible and Carlyle and Macaulay and Ruskin are to me quite as poetic as any verse; and oratory seems to me a particularly poetic form of art. Judged by such a standard, Burne-Jones would not reach quite so high, whilst Corot goes to the top. Aubrey Beardsley's line is far more poetic than Burne-Jones', more musical, more resonant. Yet, all things said, Burne-Jones was a great artist; and this in spite of the fact that he narrowed his art by a hundred fads against this effect and that effect. His was not a great majestic art; but he saw beautiful visions, and in themselves those visions were worth the recording. In his own words he gives us the key to his achievement—"By a picture I mean a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire." And it is exactly in his contempt of this glorious world's light and of this splendid wayfaring in that light in order to live amidst his half-sexed world that he missed the greatness of the supreme masters.

MR. E. ROSCOE MULLINS, the well-known sculptor, has removed from St. John's Wood to Church End, Finchley, where he has built his own studios, and is now engaged upon a large equestrian statue of the late Prime Minister of Nepal, to be eventually cast in bronze and sent out to India.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has completed a novel, which at present bears the title "The Farm of the Dagger." Dartmoor provides the background, and again an American prisoner plays a prominent part in the story.

Musical Notes

THE dispute in connection with the Queen's Hall Orchestra is just one of those matters regarding which there is much to be said on both sides. On the one hand, nothing seems more reasonable, in a way, than Mr. Wood's claim that his players should engage to attend all the performances for which they may be required, and not to send deputies to represent them while they are undertaking more lucrative engagements elsewhere. On the other it is contended that the terms which Mr. Wood—or rather the syndicate which actually runs the concerts—offers are such as to be quite unreasonable unless the players are allowed as heretofore to supplement them by outside work. In a word Mr. Wood is represented as wanting all the benefits of a permanent orchestra while guaranteeing only some hundred and fifty concerts per annum. Meanwhile what is unfortunately certain is that some of the finest players in the band as it has hitherto been constituted—all of the horn players and ten out of the fourteen first violins, for instance—are resigning. It may be said in this connection that, if rumour may be trusted, Mr. Wood enjoys among his subordinates the reputation of a somewhat "harbitary gent." His enthusiasm and his abilities are admitted, but according to some of his critics, at least, these qualities are not invariably associated with the best of feeling and discretion.

THE recent success of the Sheffield choristers at the Kruse Festival has naturally provoked discussion on the subject of provincial choral singing and the causes of its superiority to the Metropolitan article. Personally, however, I am inclined to think that greater enthusiasm and more diligent practice, rather than any of the more far-fetched reasons which have been advanced, are the main factors contributing to this result. One theorist, I notice, discusses at length the influence of the broader vowels of the provincial singers, which it is suggested conduce to more solid and effective tone. I question, however, whether there is anything in this. In the case of soloists, every one must have noticed how individual peculiarities of pronunciation tend to disappear in singing. Is it not the same in the case of a chorus? But doubtless the sturdier physique of country as compared with town bred choristers goes to improve their lung power, though I believe London could produce just as good voices as Leeds or Sheffield if the practice of choral singing were cultivated as widely here as there, where other distractions are probably less numerous.

ONE of the most interesting concerts next week will be that of the London Choral Society on Monday, when Dr. Elgar's "King Olaf" will receive its first performance in London, along with others of his lesser known works, including the Meditation from "Lux Christi" (written in 1899), and a number of unaccompanied part songs for male voices. There are those who reckon "King Olaf" more highly than the better-known and more ambitious "Caractacus" (Op. 35) which succeeded it. "King Olaf" was produced at the Hanley Festival in 1896, and was Elgar's first work to gain him general attention. To which it may be added that one of the composer's most treasured possessions to-day is a fine tankard made by some members of the choir which took part in this performance, and bearing an appropriately Bacchanalian inscription, which was presented to Dr. Elgar as a memento of the occasion.

THE recent performance of Schubert's symphony in C major under Weingartner recalls the old question as to the correct position of this work in the list of Schubert's compositions in this form. Was it his Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, or Tenth symphony? Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel call it his Seventh. Others, taking into account the work in E major, of which a complete sketch exists, have regarded it as his Eighth. Others again, holding that the "Unfinished" was also written after No. 6, reckon it his Ninth; while the late Sir George Grove, of course, believing to the last in the existence of a lost symphony written in 1825 at Gastein, fondly alluded to it always as the master's Tenth. Unfortunately, the evidence seems by no means clear as to any such work having actually been written. But Sir George always remembered, no doubt, his famous find at Vienna and, Schubert-worshipper as he was, lived in hopes of its turning up to the last.

UNFORTUNATELY there are "finds" and "finds." Just about twelve months since, for example, circumstantial accounts appeared in the Viennese papers concerning the reported discovery of a Schubert manuscript at Gratz in Styria, said to be none other than the missing movements of the immortal "Unfinished." That work was, as is well known, in the possession of the composer's friend, Anselmo Hüttenbrenner, from whom it was obtained by Herbeck, the conductor, in 1865, when the first performance of it was given in Vienna. Hüttenbrenner lived at Gratz, and the missing manuscript was alleged to have been discovered among a quantity of old papers which had belonged to one of the poet's servants. Unfortunately nothing further has since been heard of the matter, from which it would seem a tolerably safe assumption that if any such manuscript was found at all it was not that of the symphony in B minor.

WAGNER is evidently not yet played out in the land of his birth, judging by the figures which the faithful "Bayreuther Blätter" publishes. The total number of performances of the master's works in Germany last year was, it seems, 1,406—or sixty-seven performances more than those of 1902. At the head of the list "Lohengrin" (279) and "Tannhäuser" (273) ran almost "an equal race together," the "Dutchman" coming next with 181 representations. "Die Meistersinger" was given 172 times—this being forty-three more performances than those of the previous year. "Rienzi," on the other hand, had only twenty-three hearings. Perhaps the most surprising thing about these figures is the popularity of the "Flying Dutchman"—a work which, I confess, I have always found insupportably dull. "Rienzi," I imagine, would probably be given rather more often but for the demands of its *mise-en-scène*.

MEANWHILE the great attraction at La Scala during the past season has, it seems, been "L'Oro del Reno," more familiarly known to northern readers as "Das Rheingold," of which I read: "The money taken on the opening night exceeded any first-night receipts ever recorded at the old Opera House," and again "This opera has had a phenomenal run of nineteen nights to crowded houses, and the management was compelled to give three extra performances to satisfy the demands of the Milanese public." After which who shall say that Wagner has no attractions for Italian audiences? Lyons, too, has been enjoying the same work, along with the

other numbers of the tetralogy, but after a manner all its own. The opera was given in three acts! After which one reads without a shock of a suggested performance of "Die Walküre" in five acts, and of "Götterdämmerung" in seven!

THERE is room for considerable difference of opinion as to the value of some of the musical tuition which obtains in our Elementary and Secondary schools. But there can be none as to the desirability, indeed the necessity, of good instruments in the shape of first-class pianofortes being employed if the best results are to be secured. Wherefore it is pleasant to read that such a famous firm as Messrs. Broadwood & Sons have been public-spirited enough to come forward with an offer which should bring about this desirable end at the smallest possible cost to the long-suffering ratepayer. Messrs. Broadwood and the public, who will be gainers by their enterprise, are alike to be congratulated.

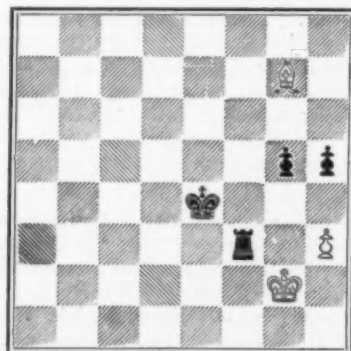
ON May 27, 1844, Dr. Joachim, then a lad of thirteen, played Beethoven's violin concerto, under Mendelssohn's conductorship, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in London. As the sixtieth anniversary of this date coincides approximately with Dr. Joachim's appearance this year in connection with the annual Joachim Quartet Concerts, the executive committee of these concerts have decided upon taking steps for celebrating the "diamond jubilee" of this first appearance. They have accordingly arranged to hold a reception in honour of Dr. Joachim on Monday evening, May 16 next, at the Queen's Hall. The Prime Minister hopes to preside, and it is intended to present Dr. Joachim with an address and with his portrait, painted by Mr. Sargent, R.A. This ceremony will be followed by a concert of orchestral music for which the Queen's Hall Orchestra has been engaged, and in which it is hoped Dr. Joachim will consent to take part, both as soloist and as conductor of some work of his own composition.

Chess

[All communications, marked clearly "Chess" on cover, to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Academy and Literature," 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.]

No. 5.

BLACK.



WHITE.

BLACK TO PLAY AND WIN.

SOLUTION to No. 3, K—B 2. Black can now accept the exchange of Bishops if offered, afterwards keeping the King on K sq. and Q sq., always ready to move to Q 2 whenever White plays to K 5.

This position actually occurred in a correspondence game between the Liverpool and Edinburgh Chess Clubs, and Edinburgh here played B—B 2, and White announced mate in forty-five moves, probably the longest mate ever announced in actual play. Perhaps some of our readers would like to solve this mate, which is in itself a problem of considerable difficulty.

The following game is a good example of the dangers attending a premature attack when receiving the odds of P and 2:

Remove Black's K B P.

White.

1. P—K 4
2. P—Q 4
3. B—Q 3
4. P—K 5

Black.

- 1.
2. P—Q 3
3. Kt—Q B 3

This move looks very threatening, but the attack is unsound.

5. Q—R 5 ch.
6. B × P.

4. Kt × P
5. P—Kt 3

White is quite blind to the dangers of his own position.

7. Q × R.
8. K—Q 1
9. K × Kt

6. P × B
7. Kt × P ch.
8. P × P ch.
9. B—B 4 ch.

and Black mates in a few more moves.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We award a prize of a guinea every quarter for the best game played at any club either in matches, tournaments, or in the course of ordinary play, with this restriction—that the club membership shall not exceed 200. We hope by this restriction to excite interest in the competition among clubs all over the country. The prize will be awarded to the player sending in the best game—that is, competitors may send in one game each week and the prize will go to the player who has sent in the best during the quarter. Competitors can therefore send in many or few games, as they see fit, and at any time. The prize will not be a cash payment, but will take the form of books to be selected by the prize-winner.

No winner can secure the prize twice in six months, but prize-winners can of course compete again, and, if one of their games is the best, it will appear at the head of the list at the end of each quarter.

The name and club of each of the players must in all cases be given with the score of the game, and competitors must send in the Chess Competition Coupon of the current week with each game.

The prize will be awarded by the Editor of this column, his decision will be final, and no discussion or correspondence on his decision will be permitted.

Games may be sent in at any time by competitors, but not more than one game each week.

[Competition Coupon on Cover.]

Correspondence

The Library of Standard Biographies

SIR,—While thanking you for "The Bookworm's" note on our "Library of Standard Biographies" which appeared in your issue of the 9th inst., we trust that with your accustomed courtesy you will allow us an opportunity of stating the objects of this series.

We have endeavoured to place within the reach of every one a series of the best biographies that have been published, and we felt that we had something more to do than to offer the books at the popular price of one shilling—namely, to render them suitable for general reading. We are not attempting to compete with the large and complete editions of these classics which can always be obtained from the public libraries.

We are appealing to readers who have neither the time nor the inclination to read the larger editions, and with this object we have not only had the complete biographies reduced to readable dimensions, but we have supplied notes embodying recent information on the subject as well as chronological tables and indexes.

If we are to confine ourselves only to those biographies that can be contained in a single volume without compression, we fear that it would be impossible to escape from the track that has already been too well covered to be of very much use.—Yours, &c.

HUTCHINSON & Co.

Morality and Emotion

SIR,—Your correspondent is correct in his impression that Matthew Arnold's phrase was "morality touched by emotion" (not "reason"), and that this was his description of religion. The phrase occurs in "Literature and Dogma"

chapter i., section 2 (page 16 of the Popular Edition, 1886), in a passage which runs thus: "Religion, if we follow the intention of human thought and human language in the use of the word, is ethics heightened, enkindled, lit up by feeling; the passage from morality to religion is made when to morality is applied emotion. And the true meaning of religion is thus not simply morality, but morality touched by emotion."—Yours, &c. M. A. C.

"And"

SIR,—Mr. Clement Shorter allows us to retain our literary idols so long as we do not begin a sentence with "and." I have no desire to convert him; but as there can be but two guides for those who wish to write correctly, the grammar, and the practice of acknowledged masters of prose, and as it seems that those masters are all wrong when their practice comes into conflict with Mr. Shorter's theory, we must have recourse to the grammar, and there we read: "Conjunctions can begin sentences after a full period, showing some relation between the sentences in the general tenour of discourse."—Yours, &c. P. A. SILLARD.

Science—Explanatory

SIR,—I seem to be incessantly writing to you, but I really cannot help it.

In answer to "Student," whose kindness claims my attention, may I say that it most certainly has not been "scientifically demonstrated that figures in space possess other than three dimensions." As to the "geometry of position," my knowledge is so slender that I can only suggest a reference to the subject in any one of many text-books.

Mr. Wallis, whose comments are very valuable to me, gives me—in the first place—the credit of originality in trying to show that Reality is Unknowable to us. This is, of course, an old, as well as a modern, conclusion. But surely I never said that we must "throw away the only reality we can know," nor that we must "impatiently leave the pathway Science has laboriously made and strike off blindly." With all my heart I admire and adhere to Science, but I hold it scientifically proved that Science has its limitations. Indeed I believe I may fairly claim to have shown this in my article—none of which was original, of course. I quite agree that we should "patiently follow Science." I expect untold things from her; but I do not expect everything.

Furthermore, I did not attempt to reconcile science with theology. Mr. Wallis must remember the proof in "First Principles" that science and religion—not theology—can be reconciled. I am not aware of any theological dogma that can be reconciled with science, except by using words in a double sense; i.e. by what logicians call a *formal fallacy*. But I cannot believe that Mr. Wallis considers materialism "better" than a proud yet humble recognition of our inevitable limitations. Materialism will give, I suppose, a type of intellectual peace, but more desert-like than ever desert seen by Tacitus. Transfigured realism, on the other hand, also gives an intellectual peace, whilst not incompatible with those spiritual aspirations of the race which are verily "a master-light of all our seeing." I say we are to be happy because—well, because there are good women in the world and high hopes and beautiful thoughts—some of which, mayhap, are still unthought.

Mr. Wallis objects to my calling Haeckel notorious. If he has read the "Riddle of the Universe," he should wonder at the moderation of my language.

May I just say that the article on the nebular theory in the "Harper" for May does not embody a "new theory," but is merely a restatement, in accordance with the most recent knowledge, of a theory much older than I am?—Yours, &c.

C. W. SALEEBY.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—Ed.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and *brevity* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

Questions

LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—"Education consists not in an accumulation of facts but in turning the eye of the soul to the light." Can any one say who is the author of the above; and if it be quite correctly quoted? The common dictionaries of quotations do not mention it.—J.T.B. (Hull).

AUTHOR WANTED.—

O what shall the man full of sin do
Whose heart is as cold as a stone?
The black owl looking in at the window,
And he on his death-bed alone?

When the spirit half-freed from its bare case,
Goes shrinking away through the gloom,
With a whisper of wings on the staircase,
And a shudder of feet in the room.

And they bear him with horrible laughter,
Though he clings with the strength of despair
To bed-post and lintel and rafter,
Away to the prince of the air!

Wykehamist.

ELLISON'S "MAD MOMENTS."—Henry Ellison's "Mad Moments, or first verse attempts by a born natural, addressed respectfully to the light-headed of Society at large, but intended more particularly for the use of that world's madhouse, London," was first printed at Malta in 1833. The 1839 edition is the same with a new title-page. Later, another corrected edition was published, containing Ellison's lamentations over the really remarkable performances of the Maltese printer. This edition (I do not know the date—but subsequent to 1839) is out of print, and is not in the British Museum. Can any one give the name of any library where it may be consulted?—A.K. (Denbighshire).

POWELL OSWYN.—This author has published the following books: "Ernest Milman; a Tale of Manchester Life," London, 1856, 8vo; and "Liverpool Hol A matter-of-fact Story," London, 1857, 8vo. Any particulars as to this writer will be welcomed. The name appears to be a pseudonym.—H.T.F. (Wigan).

"DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS."—In this novel Diana Warwick sells a most important Cabinet secret to Mr. Tonans, the editor of the leading paper of the Opposition party. Is this incident founded upon fact? If so, who were the originals of Mrs. Warwick and Mr. Tonans, and how closely has George Meredith followed the real circumstances?—C. J. Pollard.

"THINK LONG."—In one of Milton's prose writings this sentence occurs: "Leave her (the Church) not a prey to these importunate wolves that wait and think long, till they devour thy tender flocks." There is a colloquial phrase current in Norfolk "to think long," meaning "to desire." Is there any connection between the two? Wolves that "think long" are very unusual wolves.—H.T. (Ilkley).

* COLERIDGE.—

Here on this market cross aloud I cry
I, I, I, I myself, I!
The form and the substance, the what and the why;
The when and the where, the low and the high;
The inside, the outside, the earth and the sky;
I, you, and he, and he, you, and I,
All souls and all bodies are I myself I!
All itself I, all my I, all my I!

The above was written by Coleridge, the poet. Can any one say to what it refers?—Student (Sunderland).

SHAKESPEARE'S IGNORANCE.—In Edmund Burke's "Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," Bohn's series, p. 61, I find: "The admirer of Don Bellianis perhaps does not understand the refined language of the *Enéide* . . . In his favourite author . . . he perhaps reads of a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia . . . he is not in the least troubled at this extravagant blunder." In Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," act iii. scene iii. I find: "Our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia." Can any reader give the passage from Don Bellianis? What light does it throw upon the theory that the Bohemia of Shakespeare was really Apulia?—W.H.W.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—In an old biographical dictionary dated 1784 I recently found the following curious statement concerning the above author: "Goldsmith, like Smollett, Guthrie, and others who subsisted by their pens, is supposed sometimes to have sold his name to works in which he had little or no concern." Is there any existing proof of this?—R.E.W. (Wimbledon).

*"It is THEIR NATURE TO."—Dr. Watts is often quoted as an authority for the expression "it is their nature to." Is not this a mistake? The true reading in his "Divine and Moral Hymns for Children" is, I believe:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite
For God has made them so,
Let bears and lions growl and fight
For 'tis their nature too.

In this version the questionable grammar does not appear. Is there any real authority for the other version?—*H. B. Foyster.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.—Has it ever been suggested, or am I alone in thinking that the male friend to whom Shakespeare addresses most of his sonnets might have been some youthful actor who played female parts? Actresses were not known on the English stage till after the middle of the seventeenth century. I should like also to ask if any other poet has sung of the physical charms of a male friend, and had a "master-mistress of my passion"?—*Son. XXI.—W.H.P.*

Answers LITERATURE.

"GENIUS." Carlyle.—The definition referred to is: "The transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all." "History of Frederick the Great," Book IV. chap. iii.—*W. J. Greenstreet (Stroud).*

*BURLINGTON HOUSE.—The lines quoted are altered and abridged, not very happily, from a stanza in the proemion of Spenser's "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty." The poet asks for inspiration to show men what true beauty is like:

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faure seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial deyeare
Of those faure forms, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' Eternall Fontaine of that heavenly Beauty

—*G.B. (Carlisle).*

"BELLERUS."—The phrase "fable of Bellerus" is a poetical expression, borrowed from Latin and Greek usage, for "fabled abode of Bellerus." The name was invented by Milton from Bellerium, the promontory now called the Land's End. Pope mentions it in l. 315 of "Windsor Forest":—"From old Bellerium to the northern main." The original reading was "Corineus old," to whom Milton alludes in his "History of Britain" as a giant who came over with Brute the Trojan, and from whom Cornwall is said to have taken its name, being "assigned to him by lot," or, as Dryden says in the first song of the "Polyolbion," given him for his victory over Gogmagog the Cornish giant. The change from "Corineus" to "Bellerus" was probably made for rhetorical reasons, in order to make the line run more smoothly.—*G. S. Jerram (Oxford).*

"SLEEP'ST BY THE FABLE OF BELLERUS OLD."—Professor David Masson thus explains this passage: "Sleep'st, &c., i.e. prosaically near Land's End in Cornwall. Land's End was the Bellerium of the Romans; and Milton himself seems to have invented the name-father Bellerus, for the place, imagining him perhaps as one of the old Cornish Britons of the lineage of Corineus. Indeed he had just written Corineus and had substituted Bellerus for musical reasons."—*K.K. (Belfast).*

"BELLERUS."—Bellerium is the Latin name for Land's End in Cornwall. From this Milton has coined the word "Bellerus" and applied it to one of the fabled Cornish giants. The Cambridge MS. has "Corineus," a giant who was Lord of Cornwall. "By the fable," i.e. in the south. Fable by metonymy for "fabled habitation."—*H. Cariss J. Sidnell (Preston).*

"PHILOMOT."—This is an obsolete word, a corruption of "feuille morte"—dead leaf.—*B. M. Gwyn-Lewis.*

"PHILOMOT."—If I may hazard a conjecture, this is derived from "feuille morte," and means "of the colour of a dead or faded leaf."—*W. J. Greenstreet (Stroud).*

*"PHILOMOT."—This word, used by Addison ("Spectator," No. 265) to denote the colour of a lady's hood, is a corruption of the French "feuille-morte"—dead-leaf coloured. The word "philomot" is not to be found, perhaps, in many of the dictionaries of to-day (it is not in Chambers' for instance), but Walker's (edit. 1834) gives "Philomot, adj., coloured like a dead leaf." Baret's Italian Dictionary (1820) has "Philomot, adj. Foglia morta." Flügel's German Dictionary (1849) under "Philomot" says, "see feuille-morte." There it has "das Braungelb (wie das Laub beim Blätterfall) Blättergrau." Nugent's Pocket Dictionary, French and English, 1839, has "Filomot, adj.: couleur de feuille-morte."—*Faber.*

[Answers also received from R. S. Graham, H. C. J. Sidnell, Percy Selver, and M.A.C. (Cambridge).]

BACON.—The allusion in "wise" (not "sage") "Bacon" is not to Francis but to Roger Bacon, the Franciscan monk and philosopher. He was born in 1214, and died at Oxford in 1294. In the passage referred to (act i. scene i. l. 153) Marlowe couples him with Albertus, a learned Dominican, who, like Roger Bacon, was credited with supernatural powers. In l. 87 of the same scene Faustus says: "I'll have them wall all Germany with brass." This is an imitation of the legend of Friar Bacon, who is said to have designed the building of a wall of brass round England, and whose name formed the title of a play, written by the dramatist Greene and acted in 1596. There is good evidence to show that this play was the production of a jealous rival, with the object of eclipsing the fame of the author of "Faustus."—*G. S. Jerram (Oxford).*

BACON.—Roger Bacon, born about 1214, died in 1292, was the "sage," and no disparagement to Francis, Lord Verulam. We cannot fully gauge his great powers because he was suppressed; his inquiries were defective from want of funds and some writings destroyed from jealous suspicion. He was indeed so wonderful that his very qualifications were deemed magical, and he was supposed to obtain knowledge by consulting a "brass head," still proverbial.—*A.H.*

[Answers also received from G.E.J. (Bray), G. Newall, W. J. Greenstreet (Stroud), K.K. (Belfast), W.D. (Ayr), M.A.C. (Cambridge), and Orient.]

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—The use of this expression in an English form in "Lorna Doone" is not an anachronism—the farce of "Maître Pathelin," in which the original occurs, was written in the fifteenth century, probably about 1465—the question of its authorship is undecided. An adaptation of the farce was made in 1706 by De Brucey. Perhaps it is this version which is known to G. Verney.—*Barbara Smythe.*

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—The farce "l'Avocat Patelin" is written by Pierre Blanchet (born at Poitiers 1459); the edition of the eighteenth century is only a modern transformation by Brucey (born 1640, died 1723). An anachronism does not exist.—*Bohemia (Vienna).*

"REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."—Blackmore was guilty of no anachronism when he made the Counsellor use the above expression in 1690. The farce "Maître Pathelin" is assigned by the best authorities to a date at least anterior to 1470, though the author remains unknown. "Revenons à nos Moutons," though it is the usual form, is not, I believe, the correct one. The passage as given in the "Chrestomathie" of MM. Paris and Langlois is as follows:

PATHELIN.

Il est desja si empressé
Qu'il ne sçait où il l'a laissé:
Il faut que nous l'y reboutons.

LE JUGE.

Sus, revenons à ces moutons:
Qu'en fut-il?—*R. Stuart (Jersey).*

GENERAL.

WINCHESTER SLANG.—I have not seen any answer to a question which was asked in THE ACADEMY of two weeks ago. "As unintelligible as Winchester slang." What is the reference? "Winchester slang" is the peculiar language used by boys of Winchester College. It is not fair to call it slang, as most if not all of the words it consists of are good old English and Saxon words. The language is called "Notions," and when I was at Winchester about twelve or fourteen years ago new boys had to learn it and were examined in it by the prefects, and I believe and hope that this custom still obtains. I give a few examples of words. *Cud*—pretty or beautiful, a variant of the Saxon *couth* (opposite to uncouth). To *go confinent*—to go on the sick list (*conf.* I pray thee have a contentment forbearance, a phrase which occurs in one of Shakespeare's plays). To *come abroad*—to come off the sick list. *Tug*—stale, old. *Tugs*—stale news. The vocabulary comprises, I should say, about a hundred words, and it is quite possible for two Winchester boys to carry on by means of it a conversation which would be quite unintelligible to an outsider.—*Wykehamist.*

"TICKHILL, GOD-HELP-'EM."—This saying originated during the time of Cromwell, who when he saw Tickhill Castle in the distance asked what place it was. On being told that it was known as "Tickhill, or Tickhem, or some such name," he grimly replied, "by God's help I'll tickle 'em," whereupon one of his officers said, "Then God help 'em." The castle was eventually bombarded and captured, and since that time whenever the word Tickhill is mentioned some one invariably replies "God help 'em."—*G.F.W. (Sheffield).*

"TICKHILL, GOD-HELP-'EM."—"Tickhill, God-help-'em!" is the form in which I have always heard this ejaculation, which always follows the mention of Tickhill in this neighbourhood. The explanation usually given is that the road between Doncaster and Tickhill, being extremely lonely, used to be infested by footpads, so that when any one announced his intention of going to the latter place, his friends cried "God help you!" while on his safe arrival there he was greeted with a congratulatory "God bless you!"—*H.F.H. (Sheffield).*

OPERA-FLOTS.—Clément (F.) et Larousse (P.), "Dictionnaire Lyrique, ou Histoire des Opéras," Paris, 1869-81, published by Veuve P. Larousse et Cie is an authority upon this subject. The "History of the Opera from Monteverdi to Donizetti," by Sutherland Edwards, London, 1862, published by W. H. Allen & Co., may also be consulted.—*H.T.F. (Wigan).*

"BAWBER."—The word is broad Scots for "Baby," the familiar name for the copper coins that came from the Mint during the infancy of Mary Queen of Scots, with the baby Queen's head on the face of each.—*M. MacArthur (Lymington).*

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.—From the sixth to the thirteenth century one of the names of Ireland was Scotia; this name was taken from the Scoti who, originally known as the Scotraige or Scotraide, gradually acquired the leadership of the forty-six free clans, that is, of those victorious after the great tribal struggle at the beginning of the Christian era. These clans became all known to foreigners as the Scoti, a name which was subsequently extended to the whole people. That this was the way in which the name was first given is shown by its not having been used in Irish but only in Latin documents. The ending, *raige* or *raide*, is a patronymic. In the eleventh century part of Northern Britain had acquired the same name, owing to the invasions and settlements of the Scoti, Ireland then being called Scotia Major.—*C.R.W.*

TYPE DERIVATIONS.—Bourgeois is supposed to be so called from a type-founder of that name. Nonpareil is from Fr. *nonpareillé*—unassailed, peerless; the form *nonpareille* is used for a kind of type (also pear, ribbon, &c.) Brevier was originally the type used in printing breviaries. Minion is from Fr. *mignon*—favourite, and as adj. pleasing, dainty. Primer (Long and Great Primer) from O.Fr. *primer*, *premier*—first, elementary. Pica type was originally the black-letter type in which the pica or ordinal was printed; the name "pica" was given to the ordinal on account of the colour and confused appearance of the rules, they being printed in the old black-letter type on white paper and thus looking pied (Late Latin *pica*—magpie).—*M.A.C.*

TYPE DERIVATIONS.—The type named brevier is derived from "breviary," being the type in which they were usually printed. Bourgeois is probably from some French printer called Bourgeois. Primer is from Primaries, the book of "Prayers to the Virgin." Pica is from the service of the mass termed *pica* or *pie*.—*M.M.D.*

T. G. WAINWRIGHT.—The essays of T. G. Wainwright were published under the following title: "Essays and Criticisms by Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, now first collected, with some account of the author, by W. Carew Haslitt. London: Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand, 1880." This book contains a preface and biographical notice of lxxxi. pages, 351 pages of essays and criticisms by or attributed to T. G. W. from the "London Magazine" 1820 to 1823, and an appendix with the will of Dr. R. Griffiths and the two test trials in the Court of Exchequer for the recovery of the assurances for £18,000 reprinted from "The Times," June 30, 1835, and also a portrait of Helen Frances Abercromby from an original drawing by T. G. W.—*A.H.V.*

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